

PS

3511
R2I6
1922



"In the Sweat
of Thy Face"

ALEX. FRANCIS



Class PS 3511

Book .R2I6

1922

Copyright N^o

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

“In the Sweat of Thy Face”

2
5
3
3
1
1
8

BY
ALEX. FRANCIS
BALTIMORE, MD.
1922

PS3511
R2I6
1922

PREFACE.

I wish to express my gratitude to Mr. George F. Nichols and his good wife, Mrs. Anna Nichols, who, while dissenting from many of the ideas advanced in this book, gave me much valuable assistance with the same sympathetic grace that accompanies assent and who thereby exhibited true friendship.



© C1A683724

(COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY ALEX. FRANCIS

OCT 14 '22

(Composed in the main during Campaign of 1912.)

TO COL. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Hurrah for Teddy Roosevelt!
We're sure to win;
Though the currents may oppose—
The tides come in;
Surge on, surge, they mount above
To strike the stars;
Now, with soft caress of love
O'er shingly bars.

Hurrah for Teddy Roosevelt!
Our cause is won;
Other captains fear and yield.
He still moves on.
In the thickest of the fight
His banners wave.
His, the right that makes the might,
He leads the brave.

Hurrah for Teddy Roosevelt!
This is our cry;
He's the man our foes so dread;
They look and fly.
But they who stand and they who flee
Alike despair;
And ne'er a grafter's face we see
While Roosevelt's there.

Hurrah for Teddy Roosevelt!
Who can but cheer?
Let the people rule the land,
Machines to the rear.
For all true patriots now proclaim
These their mandates,
And mollicoddles hide for shame
With hyphenates.

Hurrah for Teddy Roosevelt!
The tried and true;
Millions marching in our ranks—
The "Boys in Blue"
With "Boys in Gray," right merrily,
The cause acclaim
And spread abroad, quite cheerily,
Our leader's fame.

Hurrah for Teddy Roosevelt!
For a square deal;
Special privilege to none—
Thou shalt not steal.
At Armageddon's vale we stand;
Fight dauntlessly
For banner and our native land,
And equity.

Hurrah for Teddy Roosevelt!
Come, join our band;
None should fear or hesitate.
The Promised Land
Is now in view. From Pisgah's height
The world may see
The day illumed by God's sunlight,
And liberty.

Hurrah for Teddy Roosevelt!
Why shed a tear;
Other leaders may be dead.
His spirit's here.
We follow on, we follow on
The "Long, Long Trail";
Our fealty is his guerdon;
He shouts, all hail!

Refrain.

Hurrah, boys; hurrah, boys!
Why not give three cheers?
Our cause is just, and win we must—
The dawn appears.

PART I.

THE APOLOGY.

Judge not this a lyric or epic sublime,
The effusion is little but prose in rhyme.
Though an extravaganza conglomerate,
It is neither insincere nor billingsgate.
Now, do not conclude that it probably took
But one fleeting day to construct this small book;
For whoever observed one bee in one hour,
Though sipping the honey from each sweet flower,
That works with ardor and labors with skill,
The tiniest of hives with nectar to fill?
This product from whatever point it is viewed,
Like olives to be relished, must be well chewed.
This one little favor the author would ask
Read it without bias or don't start the task!
Do not change a word—not even one letter;
Unless you can suggest something that's better.
If any crass bulls on your eagle eye burst,
You are my good friend, let me hear of it first;
This cover, with all its varied contents,
Will cost you a dollar—not ninety-nine cents.
Can you spare the money? Is it worth the price?
If so be prompt, send it along in a trice!
If that one dollar you're unable to spare—
Take the book freely, it's my delight to be fair.
If you think it is worth but ninety-nine cents,
The time that you gave it a loss represents.
Do not hurl this innocent thing in the fire
And give indication of folly and ire;
But pass it along to the very next man
That meets you and be as polite as you can.
Under no conditions, now, please understand,
Do I want to have this work back in my hand.
Whether kept or returned, these gathered sheaves
I gleaned and believe what's placed on these leaves.
Hyperboles you'll find among these, of course,
We got the figures from rhetorical source.
Parnassus presents a long, hard upgrade,
On low, second or high the ascents are made.
No matter the gear or car's name, I ken
The summit is reached by very few men.

THE DEFENSE.

Perhaps some of my very best friends will say
"The cost of production this book will not pay.
The author has squandered many good dollars,
His book will be scouted by all good scholars.
It can do little good, it may do much hurt,
It will litter the place and gather the dirt.
This ninny had better provided a pall,
He should have a design when he gets last call.
With a marble slab mark the place of his rest,
When the time has arrived for him to go West.
The price of conveyance to graveyards is high;
It costs much to live, but it costs more to die.
And coffins and caskets the price lists all teach,
Are out of all reason—almost out of reach.
A hospital bill will executors meet."
"Hold on," says another, "he'll fall dead on the street.
This labor's but wastage of paper and ink,
And into drear Sheol with him it must sink."
It makes little difference how I may go,
But slight variation these charges will show.
Let us be cheerful and freely assume
That all of my fortune these bills will consume.
Whether cheap as the dirt, or high as the sky,
No one in the world loves designs more than I!
You talk like a dummy, or like a blockhead,
May anyone love them when once he is dead?
In a remote churchyard how many will see
The marble slab you would make ready for me?
Though cross and crown that memorial emboss;
There would be a race between dust and the moss.
And though sequestered in a sly little nook,
No worse fate can follow this poor, little book.
Whether this work fail or abundantly thrive;
I'll endeavor to do some good while alive.
And you may rest content, whatever is said,
That we cannot do any when we are dead.
The slick philanthropic millionaires propose
Of tainted accumulations to dispose;
Lie awake many nights devising the plan,
In dreams while wide awake many a scheme scan.
They go to a bright lawyer who draws up the will;
Heavenly dreams of joy their purged spirits thrill;
Are laying up treasures in Heaven above,
Their hearts are o'erflowing with faith, hope and love.
Years go swiftly by, the hour of death is come,
Panic seizes them, it is the great Lord's bomb.

Life has been so brief, the race so quickly run,
With death now in sight, their work is not begun.
They would draw on Heaven's bank and say, "Dear Lord,
While on earth we read, in your most Holy Word,
That he who gives to the poor lendeth to Thee,
And what has been bestowed Thou will guarantee."
The Lord, while looking on their nakedness, will say,
"You brought naught in the world and brought naught
away;

Death and not your own will, did that hand unclasp
And cause those millions to escape from its grasp;
There's nothing to your credit—the note's now due—
You'll not get the crown that was purchased for you.
Where is the wedding garment? Your lamp's gone out—
This vessel's empty, there is no oil about.
Why get in the wrong line, why faced the wrong way?
No commands have force—it is too late to pray.
You cheated all the day—lay awake all night
Devising a plan to beat a luckless wight.
You have been a slacker—are on the black list—
Your service we no longer need—you're dismiss."
Do you urge a man, who knows the Heavenly rules,
To have no more sense than these wealthy fools?
Neither Roosevelt nor Wood was allowed to go
Across the seas to put to flight the armed foe.
Did this act of meanness and rank jealousy
Bring Wilson and Pershing popularity?
Colonel Roosevelt was a valiant volunteer,
A knight with fortitude, a man without fear.
He would have served "to bridge the bloody chasm"
And raise to the highest pitch enthusiasm.
Our flag must be carried wherever we roam,
Yet, who would vote to leave "Old Glory" at home?

THE START.

This book was not written in one brief day,
(Repeating, already? our kind critics say!)
Or a week or a month or a thousand of years;
Millenniums of fruitage this small book bears.
The wandering savage saw things in his walks,
And made mention of them in cursory talks.
His son and successor would add facts anew,
And thus, step by step, the catalogue grew.
Widening, ever rising, from age to age,
Broad'ning, ever deep'ning with times changing page.

I stood by the stream that flows on to the seas,
 That correlates the shoreless eternities.
 Seeing something float on the breast of the stream,
 I eagerly grasped the prize to redeem.
 It appeared very much like the snakes I'd seen
 On the dusty highways and in pastures green.
 My father informed me that this letter S
 Is seldom if ever companionless.
 All of this species might easily be found
 If I, with patience, should search around.
 These letters arranged would furnish the key
 To open the door of learning to me.
 These placed in position would knowledge convey,
 And drive ignoramus, a demon, away.
 We've stood by that stream, in sunshine and rain,
 With more or less diligence sought to obtain
 A few of the pebbles that lined the broad shore,
 Or driftwood that floated, of which there was store.
 By mind's tympanum these fancies were heard;
 These ideas to paper are now transferred.
 Ours but the arrangement on table and shelf:
 No creature of this show was made by itself.
 He, who copies, no great credit should claim;
 Authors, not apes, are found in temples of fame.
 In two hard places, to words with age hoary,
 We merely gave an additional story.

THE ASCENT.

We start with the alphabet A, B, C,
 And go on at a snail's pace to X, Y, Z.
 Before they have reached the last letter in line,
 The first is forgot by eight boys out of nine.
 The O, S and X are quite easy, of course;
 O is a ring, S a snake and X a saw horse.
 D is for pig yoke and votes Democrat—
 No good colored citizen ever makes that;
 While R is the ox yoke, with one bow left free,
 'Tis Republican any black man may see.
 But when we come to the U and the V,
 We are lost in the maze of uncertainty.
 A-b abs; e-b ebs; next get our attention,
 And other combines too numerous to mention.
 On this endless road getting grim and grimmer,
 At last we are able to read in the primer.
 Of all things that's taught, spelling's the stuff,

D-o-u-g-h is do and t-o-u-g-h is tuff.
Four rules you're to observe open your v's,
Dot your i's, close your o's and cross your t's.
To grasp the three R's take assiduity,
Demanding some years of continulty.
The liberal arts you must closely pursue,
The liberal sciences you must chase, too.
Grammar, rhetoric, physics, geometry,
With logic, music and astronomy,
Will require many years of toil and care,
These hard grades to take on high or low gear.
And when at the last you become Ph. D.,
The top of the mountain, perhaps, you may see.
The prospect's sublime and Heavenly the air,
With the clouds at your feet the sky must be fair.
The head packed with knowledge, all obstacles past,
You rejoice to have gained the summit at last.
But, peaks upon peaks arise up to the sky—
Old age has seized you, it is now time to die.

INTRODUCTION.

Oh! Roosevelt, our "Teddy!" come back into power,
Rule over our country, if but for an hour,
And by your brave counsel that vision unfold
That sustained our Lincoln 'mid perils untold.
You were the princely, the knightly, the true;
We blush for late Wilson and Harding anew.
Weasel-word statesmen ruled over our land,
With hearts in their mouths, in backbone no sand.
Oh! well does their country this option now rue,
Despite all we might say and all we could do
To screw up their courage 'mid war's wild alarms
Fear weakened their knees, made flabby their arms.
Yes, we are a byword at home and abroad;
A jest is our motto: "Our trust is in God."
"Don't give up the ship!" from our record's erased.
"Oh! where is the foe!" from our song is effaced.
Valley Forge and Concord no mem'ries inspire,
Yorktown and Cowpens to oblivion retire.
The "Bon Homme Richard" and "Old Ironsides"
Are sunken—neglected—in mud and the tides.
Why "Uncle Sam" raves—Old Glory's in dust,
The sword's in its scabbard—both covered with rust.
No clarion announces our Fourth of July,
Violins and violas soft music supply.

PROTEST.

Our Sergeant, "Moll" Pitcher, laughs; sure it was fun,
The "red coats" at Monmouth did little but run.
But "Old Rough and Ready "and "Tippecanoe"
Give way to despair—are decidedly blue.
Hancock and Adams, with Franklin and Lee,
Are ashamed to be seen in good company.
The spirits of Marion and heroic Hale,
In protest, re-enter the dark Stygian vale.
Warren, with Putnam, Allen, Morgan and Wayne.
Dejected, meander Elysian's bright plain.
Charles Carroll of Carrollton—Maryland's son—
Will answer no longer to, of Carrollton.
Jefferson and Hamilton still disagree
How to make the world safe for democracy.
With Arnold, the traitor and renegade,
Gehenna is marching in full-dress parade.
The renegades laugh with counterfeit mirth.
And praises acclaim the traitors on earth.
But, Wells and McComas, of eighteen-fourteen,
Are glad they are dead and escaped the sad scene.
And Francis Scott Key, he of lyric renowned,
Has turned in his grave with his face to the ground.
Where is Santa Claus (that most lovable soul)?
Why, he's with Doctor Cook—he's at the North Pole.

EXPLANATION.

You beg the occasion of all this disgrace,
Why falleth the tear that dishonors the face.
We took up some swamp land—to dig a big ditch—
The Atlantic, Pacific in union to hitch.
The country with fever and ague was dank,
Stegomyiae by billions press rank upon rank.
It blocked the whole world the day it was made,
And never had heard of plow, harrow or spade.
Do you know a game sport, in second-hand biz?
We will swap the best part for a worn-out Liz.
A few thousand acres of good Maryland earth
Would fetch much more money than Panama's worth.
Colombia essayed to drive a sharp trade,
Refused every proffer our Uncle Sam made.
Manana (tomorrow) 'mong "Rough Riders" not heard,
They have so little use for such a slow word.
Diplomatic palaver to them a vexation,

Manan's cut short by swift annexation.
The ditch scare completed and bill about paid,
With four hundred millions, our Jonathan made,
Up steps that "John Bull" our Washington thrashed.
And Commodore Perry on Lake Erie smashed,
Whom Paul Jones lambasted in many a fight,
England's proud scarlet grew pale with affright.
After Bennington's battle our brave "Jack" Stark
Shouts, "Moll's no widow, I'm as gay as a lark."
At McHenry's fort, "bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there,"
And "Old Hickory" Jackson our New Orleans saved,
The Star-Spangled Banner in triumph still waved.
"I see," said this bluffer, "the ditch is no toy,
And too big a job for my brave little boy."
"I'll run it," says "John Bull," our eagle's in tears,
Our Roosevelt yet lives—we blush for our fears.

COLOMBIA.

Colombia, the misnamed, away to our south,
With brazen effront'ry now opens her mouth.
And this the most popular melody sung:
"Our honor's insulted, our pocket book's stung.
Castilian blood flows through our brave hearts,
And virtue, not gold dust, is found in these parts.
Discussions on honor, repay not one's toil,
But business is business since we struck oil.
A few million dollars if wisely expended,
Makes honor's breach to be happily mended."
That pigmy of heart and dwarfish in soul,
Cries, "give back our Eden your President stole."
And never with living and never 'mong dead
Can be found the brave boys by Bolivar led.
Stand up, poor Indian, lift up your right hand,
Tell us how the white man got your native land!
"With gunpowder strong, like thunder it rolls,
With firewater stronger, he ruined our souls.
For lust of the gold dust, despoiled our fair strand,
No mother was sacred in that ravaged land.
The baby unborn from the mother was torn,
The infant in arms far better unborn.
He slaughtered the father—made slave of the son,

Dishonored the daughter—My God! this was done.
Recall not the story—my heart strings are wrung,
With horror affrighted and frozen my tongue.”
Our lawyers report the title's much tainted,
Conditions far worse than ever were painted.
That many more wrongs are being concealed,
Than even the records existent revealed.
Yet dastards abroad and at home, just the same,
Dishonor would cast on our Theodore's name.
And jackals, hyenas and coyotes, 'tis said,
Are growing more ghoulis—“Our Teddy” is dead.

PART II.

THE HEAVENS.

The Sun's in confusion, the Moon hides her face,
Venus and Mars feel the sting of disgrace.
Mercury, the herald, in terror has run,
For security's sake up next to the sun.
On Jupiter's face appears a rainbow,
'Tis draped in black crepe—it surely looks so.
The rings around Saturn—so runs the tale—
Are beginning to look suspiciously pale.
From old Neptune, so far from our sight,
We look for bad news most any clear night.
In belt of Orion, that star-jeweled sword
Is flashing less bright the savants record.
And nebulae remote, in heaven's own blue,
Are fading from sight and lost to our view.
Taurus, the Bull by the Pleiades wooed,
Has retired to “innocuous desuetude.”
Old Cancer, the Crab, has lost his hard shell,
To honor and arms now bids a farewell.
Pegasus, the winged horse, that poets inspired,
Has now ceased to function,—been paid off and fired.
Niobe, who weeps for her children, will be
The only thing left that's in “normalcy.”

ORACLES.

Omens and portents appear by the score,
They never were seen in couples before.
The augurs and sibyls are up in the air,
This matters little—they always were there.
The birds in flight are very erratic,
And entrails of beasts speak nothing emphatic.
The gods in disgust, "nature fakers" forsook,
A few the hook got, the most got the hook.
The bacchanal saturnalian's foul fad,
With Bacchus himself has gone to the bad.
Pluto and Porsephine, near Nysa, are queered,
Aesculapius, M. D., has disappeared.
Old Mercury's flag, at Pharoe's half masted,
Faunus, at Rome, is some flabbergasted.
Abae, Clarus and Patriae in distress,
Have sent out the signal, reading S. O. S.
Dodona for months no radios has sent,
Patara's for sale and Fortuna's for rent.
Amphilocus has, for the past year or so,
Been featuring the moving picture show.
Telmessus is not like the house on a rock,
Didyma and Trophinus are comrades in hock.
A garage is now where Ismenium stood,
And Delos looks like 'twere deserted for good.
Apollo, at Delphi, is bothered a bit,
At Olympia, Jove already has quit.

THE HEROES.

Hercules, who could Hesperides rob,
Would now must surely fall down on the job.
To cleanse in one day the stable Augean,
Requires ten thousand such men Herculean.
Medusa, the Gorgon, by Perseus slain,
Is willing to try it all over again.
But Perseus, the bold, whose might is his right,
Is circumspect Woodrow, too proud to fight.
Ariadne, on billows of anguish, is tost;
The thread was rotten and Theseus is lost.
The Minotaur's horns ground his body to pulp,
And he swallowed him down at a single gulp.
The Grecians are proudly strutting around,
And Hector, the hero, can nowhere be found.
We find Achilles, in the ladies' rest room,

Drest up in a woman's daintiest costume.
For Paris, the lover of Helen, with vim,
Is out with his bow—he is looking for him.
Old Ajax, who once put the lightning to rout,
Is now safely lodged in a bomb-proof dugout.
Whether the war clouds be far, near or here,
This same Ajax's found way, way back in the rear.
Ulysses, the wise, whose words were so brave,
Has for a long time been as still as the grave;
Is despised by his dogs; his most faithful hound
Puts tail twixt his legs when master's around.
Malanion, who Atalanta outran,
You'd not take to be the same gentleman.
His shortness of breath, we view with alarm,
The apples of gold have lost all their charm.
Orpheus, with lyre, could move rock and tree,
Through impatience lost his Eurydice:
Has now lost his lyre and looks like he'd prefer
To exchange earth for Hades and be with her.

THE NATIONS.

On Washington's name there is silence intense.
In terror lest England should take an offense.
"Bill" Kaiser, of Berlin, our doughboys derides,
Deutschland, with laughter, is sore on both sides.
The Froggies of Gallia, in chorus proclaim
This faux pas disgraces brave LaFayette's name.
From Shantung of China to Nippon, the Jap
Is smiling serenely—he's holding down Yap.
Italia's emotions disfigure her form,
Her Colon's bold soul rides new on the storm.
The red flag of Russia—her emblem of might—
Is gay to see blushing our blue and white.
The shades of St. Patrick and Brian Boru.
The shamrock of Erin, with tears fresh bedew.
The Valhalla vikings, such weaklings contemn,
For Norseland was never dishonored by them.
"William the Silent," old Netherland's pride,
Cries "Vainly I lived and vainly I died."
The Ottoman Sultan—unspeakable Turk—
Confidingly swears most abominable work.
Timbuctoo's black chief kicks up his black toes
In gleeful accord with more civilized foes.
In darkest of Afric', where Pygmies abide,
The same jocund chorus cheers blithe eventide.

PART III.

THE BEASTS.

The savage gorilla and fierce chimpanzee
Are weak mollycoddles—about such as we.
Even the ourang, that lives in a tree,
Looks mockingly down on "The land of the free."
In African Congo, the jolly baboon
Is tickled to death, right merry his tune.
Cathay's fiery dragon—a sweet little elf—
Is splitting with laughter in spite of himself.
The palaeotherium—a hoary old gent—
Is not concerned with this recent event.
An old land tortoise, that saw many days,
Sings snatches of antediluvian lays.
The elephant, rhino, hippo and whale,
In turn recite a more hair-raising tale.
'Gators, crocodiles, the sword fish and shark,
By thousands and millions for safe shores embark.
The tallest marsupial in vain gets a hump,
So nervous and weak he barely can jump.
In times long ago, awake or asleep,
This kangaroo took ten miles at a leap.
Jumped over the mountains—no matter how high—
His limits were only the earth and sky.
The lion and tiger are noticed to quail,
Show less of their teeth and more of the tail.
The lion, the leader of beasts was reckoned.
The tiger, if not first, a close good second.
Like autocrats, both their countrymen ruled,
No apes with them ever monkeyed or fooled.
The ursus horribilis shows dejection.
And wild cats of Rockies caught this infection.
But backs, that in war times, made cats look taller,
Are now in reverse and their tails are smaller.
"Old grizzly," at one time, a valorous beast,
His name was on all tongues from West to the East.
Of his strength and paw all wise men were wary,
And fear was not found in his dictionary.
We find in our breasts the first touch of sorrow,
We're here today, but are gone on the morrow.

THE HORSE.

In the days of old Job, in Uz of the East,
The horse was a very remarkable beast.
He turned not aside from the glittering spear;
Nor saw, smelt, heard, felt or tasted a fear.
He pawed in the valley—ha! ha'd! in battle,
The quiver 'gainst him but vainly did rattle.
"He swallowed the ground with fierceness and rage."
We doubt not that he was the talk of that age.
He smelt the battle, his neck clothed with thunder,
Still mocking at fear—the horse was a wonder.
The captains may shout and may glisten the shield,
The trumpets may sound—not an inch will he yield.
But times are different, we know this; because
His ha! ha's! are now weak, and feeble his paws.
"Whenever my old horse went over the hill,
He always got scared at the whippoorwill."
We could hear this witch in the wild woods sing,
Each elf in the circle, each witch in the ring.
"Cutty sarks" in chorus go, round, round, round, round.
And the old horse's hoofs go pound, pound, pound, pound.
We urged him, we scourged him, exhorted with tears,
And showed him the folly of fantastic fears.
Enthused him, excused him, recalling, of course,
This is not a homo, but only a horse.
We coaxed him, we hoaxed him, but without avail,
Lower went his head and lower went his tail.
We fed him, we bled him, doctored him in vain,
Rusty grew his coat and scanty grew his mane.
We'd roast him, we'd toast him, mustard plasters make,
Give a carminative for his stomach's ache.
We'd rub him and scrub him, always neat and clean,
The grass was ever luxuriantly green.
We cheered him, we deared him, with exquisite art,
But crushed was his spirit and broken his heart.
We blessed him, caressed him, with tenderest care,
Mentioned him often at our family prayer.
We boo'd him, we shoo'd him, sowed the salt around,
To foil the witches and make him sane and sound.
We woo'd him, coo'd him—tried ev'ry art of love,
Called him "Mammy's darling turtle dove."
We hugged him, we snugged him, filled his rack with hay,
Smoothed down his pillows and wiped his tears away.
We joshed him, kiboshed him, with consummate skill,
He's down at the mouth, his tears are falling still.
We'd ret him, we'd sweat him, prescribed ipecac,
Put porous plasters on the small of his back.

Adjured him, assured him health he could find,
Accept Christian Science—'tis all in the mind.
We'd pet him, coquette him, sing a sweet love song,
He sighs: "'tis useless"—he'll not be with us long.
Coerced him, we nursed him, bought him rare tit-bits,
And gave him to suckle the sweet sugar teats.
We sissed him, we kissed him, we said: "My dear son,
Be like 'Teddy' Roosevelt and George Washington."
'Twas fruitless, 'twas bootless, the said, weirdsome tones,
At first in his ears, got at last in his bones.
Lost is his courage, all his snap and his vim,
The old whipporwill got the best of him.
His ears and his bones now mingle in the dust
Of the long, long trail—and follow on we must.

The screech owl, the bull frog, peacock and tom cat;
Carusos galore could never eclipse that.
The ass and the tree frog, the jay bird and crow,
Give the great Elegie pianissimo.
Mexican bull fighters have no cause for dread,
Any bull now turns tail, if the flag show red.
The ram as best "butter" gets ev'ry first prize,
Butts over all animals full twice his size.
He is so much better pleased, if broad and tall,
"The bigger they are the harder they fall."
Whenever he started to make the attack,
If you had any sense you gave him the track.
When he was appointed to carry the sphere
Interference was useless—why interfere?
We see many signs of decay already,
His head is shaky—his tail is more steady.

THE DOG.

We'd like to say something befitting the dog;
But freely confess that our mind's in a fog.
Whoever attempts to make sport of old Tray
Will unite a hard task and very poor pay.
He shoosed out the chickens, the ducks and the geese,
He acted as watchman, as guard and police.
He got our newspaper at earliest dawn,
And drove off the hogs that would root up our lawn.
Around the cupboard was expected to hang,
When "Old Mother Hubbard" the dinner bell rang.

We gave him a morsel and patted his head,
He lay down on his side and played he was dead.
We all bowed our heads and said: "Let us now pray,"
More devout was no other than Old Dog Tray.
He guarded the sheep and brought up the old cow,
Stood up on his hind legs and said a "bow-wow."
Was in love with the household, stood by the farm,
Was designated fire and burglar alarm.
Boys, who could not float, tread water or swim,
Plunged in over their heads when they were with him.
He sought out the pet lamb that had gone astray;
Was handsome and faithful, was gallant and gay.
He stood up to beg and when hurt he would run
By putting down three and carrying the one.
Because his forefather had done it, 'tis said,
Always turned a few times to make up his bed.
He's got one bad habit, though otherwise hale,
Between his hind legs, seeks to bury his tail.
We've tried ev'ry art this new habit to down,
We encouraged and threatened, with smile and with frown.
The weird explanation that we always got;
I'm hoodooed by something, but I don't know what.

THE HOG.

When I was a small boy there was a trained hog
That set the Bel Air Market lot all agog.
Why, tricks more in number this rooter could show,
Than Houdin was ever expected to know.
At reading and writing got highest of marks;
At eucher and poker beat all the card sharks.
In shows at circus, this identical pig
Won many a dollar at some thimble rig.
When bucolics came round with no cops in view,
The shell game yielded him a quarter or two.
Write for him the year when you first saw the light,
Your age he would guess; yes, every time right.
If the number of years in your age you'd spell,
The year of your birth he right quickly would tell.
In races with dogs, a goat and a horse,
Got first every time by cutting the course.
You say every word of this tale's a lie—
For the truth of each word I'm ready to die.
Did I see it? Well, no; but I will be blowed
If this is not what the billboards all showed.
All boys of the country, and some from the town,
With wide open mouths stand loitering aroun'.
The girls, when not giggling, are looking lovelorn.

They suck on a lemon and eat their popcorn.
Proffer me the pig that can do tricks today,
Many thousands of dollars for him I'll pay.
To keep him from rooting at will, I propose
To put a stout ring on the tip of his nose.
I'll blacklist him; in case he ever should stray
He'll not find employment for many a day.
I will earn my bread in the sweat of his face,
Spend winters at Palm Beach, or some such place,
In summer to Newport or mountains resort,
To pass a season in pleasurable sport.
What right in the law has this muzhik to squeal,
Call for a show down and an honest, square deal?
Be quiet, you thankless, ungrateful old lob,
Don't I own your body along with the job?
Stage one of your strikes, or a simple walkout,
I've got a stout ring in the tip of your snout.
So forget this stout, unreasonable mood,
Though acorns be plenty and rooting be good.
Through control of the tools there's never a doubt,
I will conquer you by the starvation route!
You get your wages, at evening and morn,
I throw in your pen the rich yellow corn.
To settle your fate needs but one small black ball,
You will root in my pen, or not root at all.
But for my inherited money and brains
To sausage and wurst would be turned your remains.
Now look to your task, or you'll pretty soon see
There's no place but —— for the Bolsheviki.

THE CAT.

We've written but little of Thomas, the cat,
We feel he deserves much more space than that.
The fewer the words the stronger the story,
He's out all the night, still wawling for glory.
His wawls are less loud—not nearly so deep;
More pleasant our dreams, more peaceful our sleep.
You'll not need a club many furlongs in length;
The pole cat's strong odor has lost all its strength.
In days of "Ted" Roosevelt this smell was so strong,
You had needed a pole exceedingly long.
Full well we recall that brightest spring day,
Our hair was still black and whiskers not gray.
Guileless our heart and wider open our mind,
Ere sad cognition to great caution inclined.
We met this fellow—his tail gave one sweep—
Say, why do you laugh? It is proper to weep.

THE CAMEL.

The camel was never considered a beauty;
But rather regarded a type of duty.
Before Noah's flood her back had no hump,
But was like a straight line from shoulder to rump.
The animals would enter the Ark apace,
One by one, each in his appropriate place.
The camel's position, in rank and file,
Came squarely in front of the elephant's tile.
This quadruped was neither sober nor drunk;
But just in the humor to use his huge trunk
To push a weak beast from his passage away—
And frolic in anything frisky and gay.
Miss Camel was strictly a dignified maid,
Of class often called wench, virago or jade,
In feline resemblance threw high up her back,
And on this old Topsy made virile attack.
From that time till this all the camels have come
To be up in the back and down upon rum.
Though the floods still form and the tempests still frown;
May the down grow up and the up grow down;
Till she's straight as a chalk line from neck to tail,
And we, dry as bonedust in Sahara's vale.

Eats out of your hand, the pugnacious goat,
Any dog dares tread on the tail of his coat.
Gone are those whiskers he cherished so long,
Poor "Billy" is weaker, his smell is less strong.
The wolf, when in packs, the bison o'erthrew,
Is proud now of a jack rabbit or two.
The beheaded old snapper cares not one bit;
Though dead for hours, he's unconscious of it.
Fates may oppose him, conditions may frown,
He'll never say die till Old Sol goes down.
Should you doubt any word of this straight story,
And wish to attain to fame, if not glory,
Put your toe within a foot of his head—
You'll think yourself dying—possibly dead.
The coon and 'possum, if any wise limber,
Left last week for Sequoia's tall timber.
Diseased decrepits dodge death's dreaded doom,
The rich have good seats, the poor—standing room.
His shadow, the ground hog, seeing at noon,
Sought winter quarters while yet it was June.
Has dug himself in quite deeply we fear,

But look for his advent in China next year.
By latest report was headed that way,
His aim and purpose is merely hearsay.
The Norwegian rat sighs, Oh! why did I roam?
I'm a prodigal son—I'll go back home.

Of betting on races let all wise men beware;
Remember the tortoise outdistanced the hare.
Though the lungs may be sound and legs may be long,
Though the brain may be true and heart may be strong,
His name is inscribed on supremacy's roll,
Who steadily fixes his eye on the goal.
Time is the Lord's benevolent gift to man,
In it die, if you must; but live, if you can.
A few transient years, filled with toil and stress,
Will pile up the sands of this life's wilderness.
At the close of the race the winner will see,
The reward of the contest is vanity.
The eternal crown is the heavenly prize;
Look up, lift up! keep your eyes on the skies!

PART IV.

THE BIRDS.

THE EAGLE.

The eagle that soared in empyrean height,
Alas! is now seen with foul buzzards alight!
Tail feathers all gone—his talons are clipt—
Looks like a bird in a mud-puddle dipt.
Bereft of his courage, despair in his eyes,
The eaglets are hungry—we hear their faint cries.
His offspring disgusted, have fled his embrace;
For never ere this was seen such disgrace.
His strong claws and beak have forgotten their force,
The wife of his bosom has got a divorce.
This monarch once built his retreat in the cloud,
Where tempestuous winds beat and mists enshroud.
With thunders and lightnings his matins were rung,
With darkness and tumult his vespers were sung.
When Aurora would shed her light o'er the earth—

His aerie was chosen the land of its birth.
With garments illumined with heaven's own light,
In gold she arrayed the undraped mountain height.
With brow that reflects the sun's earliest ray,
Jocund morn, fair maid, springs aglow into day.
Thine eye was the first its delight to confess,
Thy voice was the foremost that joy to express.
When Apollo in chariot mounted on high,
With transcendent glory emblazoned the sky.
No eye save thine own the dazzling sun light,
Could bear with contentment and face with delight.
On thy wide spread pinions the Roman tides rose,
In thy name of might Gallia vanquished her foes.
Why should not the newest, the Star of the West,
Our America, be—the brightest—the best?
It should be! it could be! it would be, my son!
Were each leader a Roosevelt or a Lincoln.

THE ROOSTER.

The blue hen's chicken, that never once quit,
Has made his last crow—his last home-run hit.
He knew all the ropes, from A down to izzard,
His heart was strong and healthy his gizzard,
Was firm on his legs, was trained to the minute,
Long were his spurs, of course he would win it.
In battle one day, had killed a huge hawk,
In fact he was known as the "cock of the walk."
Had all the fine points, was well pedigreed,
The list of his victims, took long time to read.
His comb was cut, his tail was snugged,
His wings were clipt, his face was mugged.
His back was broad, his blood was game,
His beak was sharp, Barleycorn his name.
The rummies regard the battle as won,
And give odds on Barleycorn ten to one.
But long was the fight—the pace was too hot,
The pointed gaff punctured a pivotal spot.
Flapt farewell forever for friends, for foes.
He rolled on his back and turned up his toes.
This rooster, we know, without the least doubt,
Is not only down, but also is out.
The wets lift up a lugubrious howl
And mingle with curses "foul! foul! foul!"
No pullets crowd round him to feel his muscle,
And say you gave him a pretty good tussle.
No hens now kiss him and say, "you, sweet honey,

Deserve the belt as well as the money."
Fame is fickle and we find to our sorrow,
We're Fitzsimmons today, dead tomorrow.

The falcon that hasted the prey to pursue,
Consults his own safety—keeps full in our view.
The goose and the swan fly exceedingly high,
Appear as black specks in heaven's blue sky.
But slow in their flight and feeble their tone,
Their honk is too weak for our audiphone.
Old Polly not one of your crackers desires,
Has words on her tongue, some fire in her eyes.
The snow bird 'mid storms sings chic-a-dee-dee,
He's not half so blithe as he looks to be.
The jackdaw is able to say caw-caw-caw,
He'll soon change his tune to tra-la-la-la.
Cock robin was slain by dandy cock sparrow,
Unbent is that bow and broken that arrow.
Though decent interment his fond friends gave,
We've never ceased weeping in grief o'er his grave.

THE BLUEBIRD.

Awake, Aurora! dispel the long night,
The bluebird awaits to herald the light.
With jaunty blue coat and dainty red vest,
Sing, pretty bluebird, we love you the best.
Exquisite that song, entrancing that voice,
Phoebus, arise! with all nature rejoice.
Your song, wreathes 'round us that magical spell
Which joy would not barter or sadness dispel.
Man's songs no odors of perfume exhale,
He favors the sigh, the dirge and the wail.
In Paradise groves was heard your refrain,
Time has not varied one note of your strain.
Your carol is winsome, so pure, so sweet,
To our ravished ear comes twit-trill, tweet-tweet.
Pleasing as voices celestial that sing,
Entrancing as bells of Heaven that ring;
He is chaste and polite, bewitching, fair,
Gentleman born, evermore debonair.
Who would not join in this beautiful glee,
And bind up the bruised hearts with sympathy?
The first in the spring to cheer dreary hearts,
When dogwood's in bloom, the violet upstarts
From the cold, cheerless earth, your tiny throat swells,

As you sing from the bough where melody dwells
The same love song that in Eden was heard.
'Tis the echo angelic and not the bird.
'Tis the bird that sings, but joyless his note,
Though celestial songs forever may float
On the air, what but disgrace can impart
Tears to the voice and such grief to the heart?

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Philomel, whose art the flute could excel,
Now seeks wooded glen and shadowy dell.
The flowery meadow for her has no charm,
The bright, gracious sunshine she views with alarm.
But oft in the dusk of the evening shade,
In bowers of ease, by the eglantine made,
That voice we have heard, in days now long gone,
When eve was at close and life was at dawn.
Thy place in our heart wert ever secure;
No sound more delightful, no welcome more sure.
Though somber the coat and quiet the vest,
With esthetic taste your fair figure is drest.
Why, with gay colors, that songstress bedight,
That pours out her soul in "songs in the night?"
Her voice, once so cheerful, is fraught with distress;
Her refuge and rest is the wild wilderness.
Why should not our hearts with merriment bound?
Why should not our hills and valleys resound?
The nightingale gave us the reason, the why,
The wherefore, the cause, the source, the supply.
Don't be so impatient, but stick to your task,
You'll soon get the news you're anxious to ask.
The brighter the night, the less is her fear,
The farther you keep from her, the more you'll hear.

BOB WHITE.

When writing a tale, or serving a dinner,
As connoisseur, or as callow beginner,
Whether from gormand or Pierian source,
It is wiser to keep the best for last course.
Perhaps you will think we've forgotten Bob White,
Or with malice prepense have given a slight;
If either the first or the second be true

There's surely another guess coming to you.
We do not seek the conditions to mask;
To do our "Bob" justice is no easy task.
For although Mister Quail be no W. J. B.
And the good Mistress Quail not an F. F. V.
When it comes to archness and masterful ruse
We'll match him against any bird you may choose.
While other young birds in their snug, downy nest,
Eat fat worms, fresh berries and seeds with great zest,
"Bob's" offspring is running with shell on the back,
And getting a living at any grain stack.
But lately a great change has come o'er this brood—
They display inclination to solitude.
Recline in their nests, they cry weakly for food.
To slightest exertions may scarcely be wooed.
Their antagonizing knees give tit for tat,
And weak, faint hearts go pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat.
Gelatinous bills make very poor nippers;
Their frail little wings appear much like flippers.
The truth of this statement no one will deny:
It requires nine days' hard work to get open one eye.

JACK O' LANTERN.

Make diligent search for that lazy old lout.
Jack-o'-Lantern's phosphorus went slowly out.
After midnight, when homeward returning,
We always saw this light still softly burning.
Early this morning a letter we mailed,
Inquiring the reason the lantern had failed.
The chief phoned Jack, who said in a minute,
"Our phosphorus has no phosphorus in it;
The gas of the swamp grew scander each day,
The light, weak and weaker, just faded away."

PART V.

REPTILES, INSECTS, ETC.

THE SPIDER.

The spider was the word's most famous spinner,
When Eve was a saint and Adam no sinner.
Epeira was expert at spinning, I ween,
When our first relatives appeared on the scene.
And though at no time a beautiful fellow,
In war never showed the least streak of yellow.
No matter how long or how hard was the fight,
His toenails held firm while his teeth held tight.
But lately evinces some signs of distress.
His teeth will not stand masticatory stress.
Examine his molars, a good skiagraph
Will show a full third, if not a round half,
Of his grinders call for speedy removal;
In fact, they all meet X rays' disapproval.
Rigg's disease, the result of chronic neglect,
Of kidneys and mouth, will most surely affect
Circulatory system. There's one chance yet—
Pull out all the dead ones and make a new set.
Aesculapius, M. D., says: "Fiddle-sticks!"
Safety first always; cut out his appendix!
A few hundred dollars remain in his clothes,
And to see his insides, at least, I propose;
By practicing some such humbug we thrive.
Pyorrhoea keeps certain dentists alive.

THE OYSTER.

One cold day last winter they cozily lay,
Tied fast to a rock in the Chesapeake Bay.
Two brothers were resting quite snug side by side,
Not fearing or caring what fates might decide.
A shadow passed o'er them, they felt a rude shock,
In spite of hard struggling were torn from the rock.
The captain insisted that oysters were rare,
The sand bars denuded, the rocks almost bare.
He knew full well, that a tender young oyster
Would make better soup than a tough old royster.
They knew it a juncture, where might made right,
And resolved, then and there, to put up a fight.
To die game is the right of oyster and man;

It is live as we may, but die as we can!
The sisters attached to the W. F. M. S.,
Impelled by devotion and not by duress,
Would hold a fete of one night's duration,
And called on a merchant for a donation.
The plea they made—many African races
Have hearts and minds as dark as their faces.
Shall we not send them—each one rehearses—
Bibles and preachers and teachers and nurses?
With smiles on his face and with joy in his heart,
The donor insists, I and my oysters must part.
A few of these bivalves we'll send up to you,
Quite trifling to fry, but will make a fine stew.
A valiant young oyster, with heart and with mind,
His little sick brother was anxious to find.
He knew very well they were in the same soup,
And greatly in danger of looping the loop.
To identify him, he had not one care,
Knowing full well they were the only ones there.
Oh! sad is my text and sad my narration,
And sadder by far is my peroration.
A lady of elegance, fortune and grace,
Swallowed them to save an untutored black race.

THE FROG.

Our old friend, the bull frog, that sat on the bank,
Cried "Good-bye forever!" to bottom he sank.
"I'll take my departure while I'm still able,
My fried corpse shall grace no eating-house table!"
He had for a long time been on the qui vive,
Perchance it were wiser to die than to live.
Like Cato of old, great anxiety showed,
And dreaded to travel the dark, lonesome road.
To be or not to be engaged all his thought;
Remedy, for life's troubles, that which he sought.
The Roman, who lost his fat job at the crib,
Put the point of his sword beneath his fifth rib.
The Japanese tycoon no whit more wary,
Came to his death by the route hari-kari.
The canny old Socrates, wisest of all,
Chose lethal hemlock when he answered the call.
But Judas Iscariot, lost to each hope,
Preferred as his "Jack Ketch" a portion of rope.
The man of this era, whose race is all run,
Puts a gun to his head, and lo! it is done!

But some of the boobies, who are yet more dumb,
Pour down in redundancy, beer, whiskey and rum.
Alcohol, cocaine, chloral and cannabin
Are drugs, in the same coterie with morphin.
Anti-prohibitionists should be muzzled
And all of these poisons used, but not guzzled.
Get along without them, whenever you can,
With no exception, they are under the ban.
Rum, whiskey and wine, with the devil's home brew,
Are most dangerous dopes for me and for you.
Perhaps you will urge, Christ turned water to wine.
'Tis poor reason for drinking rotten moonshine.
Of wine of the nature He made—new or old—
You may safely drink all your stomach will hold.
These stories were known to every old wog,
That played in the streamlets and lived in the bog,
For tradition that passes from mouth to mouth,
Had flooded the country north, east, west and south.
The bull frog considered these modes one by one,
And finally asked us, "How can it be done?
I have not a poison, no pistol, no sword,
Not even the tiniest portion of cord!
For beer and light wines I might freely stand pat—
The Eighteenth Amendment has overthrown that.
I'll stand here discussing these questions, I see,
Till time and tide are lost in eternity.
The water, I am sure, is circumjacent.
And water moreover is my element."
It was a foul act, a most desperate plan—
We can pardon a frog, but never a man!
His bones, in the morass we know, are at rest.
We trust that his soul is most happy and blest.

The boa, the black snake, the python, maybe,
So happy and blithe are hugging the tree.
The longest tailed wog that sports in the bog,
Disgraced, disappears from the bumps of the log.
Amoeba care free as to concepts mental,
Gives no two real raps—not one continental.
The sociable cricket—a little bit shy—
Has sought other climes—you need not ask why.
She brightened the corner and kept things neat,
By every fireside had the very best seat.
The firefly that flits in evening's damp,
Blew out her light and demolished her lamp.
Among other reasons, gave this excuse,
'Twas so weak that it was of but little use.

Chameleon and mantis and slug and snail.
Now safety demands it, beat aeroplane's mail.
The ant in the sand hill, the worm of the earth.
Shamefaced, abandon the land of their birth.
The tiniest midget, revealed in sunlight,
Shakes the dust from her feet—forever good night.
Say the oyster and sponge, "we'd rather not stay.
But tied down thus fast we can't get away."

THE JUNE BUG.

The June bug as singer is blatantly bum;
He sings like a humbug having lost its hum.
His stage presence held all the ladies entranced,
The lights on his costume both glistened and glanced;
But singers in opera to meet success
Must show first-class voices as well as address.
Answering encores, by ambition's behest,
Götterdämmerung showed the size of his vest,
Singing Eri tu che, from Verdi's "Masked Ball,"
His success was immense—he emptied the hall.
As Mephis in Faust was much more at ease,
As Factotum in Barber did less to please.
La Favorita was mum-mum-mum-mum-mum—
The audience responded bum-bum-bum-bum-bum.
In old Trovatore, we could easily note
The word miserere stuck fast in his throat.
But when, in Les Huguenots, he struck that low E.
The mirth of the rabble was painful to see.
We noticed in Carmen, the Toreador
Was hooted and hissed after ev'ry encore.
In one of the acts—herself in a rage—
Miss Katy-did kicked him clear from the stage.
The crowd just hollered—one lone bug, they say,
From the backwoods thought it a part of the play.
Every one said he was awfully tough,
A few thought Miss Katy a little bit rough.
Rotten-egged one off day, the curtain was dropt,
He was given a bath and the floor was mopt.

The testy old wasp has lost his last sting,
He throws up the sponge and quits the squared ring.
The boldest of hornets lost his last fight,
His sun went down in obscurity's night.
Brave yellow jacket has lost his last bout,

Takes the count of ten—he's squarely knocked out.
He tried ev'ry blow taught the profession,
He jolted and swung in quick succession.
For many rounds stood the bumble bee blow—
The solar plexus lays any bug low.
Alert in defense and strong in attack,
Age is against him, he'll never come back.
Brave yellow jacket! your mettle was great,
But champions are always asked to give weight.
You see it now, and all backers do, too.
The old bumble bee was heavy for you.
Grasshopper gives an entrancing love lay,
He loaf's all the week and Sunday's God's day.
What shall we say of the gymnastic flea?
He's not so supple as he used to be.
When in condition, his legs in attune,
He leaped clear over the top of the moon.
To beat a bovine for him was a cinch,
The cow lost out by the tenth of an inch.
The lady bird should grace this production,
Roach and housefly need no introduction.
All cooties of age or years of discretion,
Claim citizenship in some other nation;
Will not enlist, either willy or nilly,
Have no good blood for this wretched corn willie.
File release from draft are shaky as jelly,
For war's too strong for a weak little—

THE TUMBLE-BUG.

The tumble-bug's in a weakened condition,
He was not much use in any position.
He is now in a more deplorable plight,
He entered the ring and lost out in the fight.
As center he frequently fumbled the sphere,
Fell over himself and everything near.
One day, as fullback, at heredity's call,
Undertook with his feet to carry the ball.
You'd hardly believe it, but such is the case,
Nine times out of ten he was picked off the base.
As pinch hitter it was strike one, two, then three,
But "Casey" was not any better than he.
When called on in the game of cricket to bowl,
He could produce little speed and lacked control.
As short leg or long leg, as long on or off,
At baseball, lawn tennis, at polo or golf;

At croquet, at hockey, at mumble-the-peg,
At leap frog, at catty, he got a goose egg.
In a handicap race with ant, worm and toad,
Was copped because he obstructed the road.
He started one day in a marathon race,
But soon tumbled out—too hot was the pace.
The judges reported—believe it who can—
Tumble-bug, the young sprinter, “also ran.”

BED BUGS.

Bed bugs that never had tasted defeat,
Are frequently met in disordered retreat.
The dead and dying encumber the ground,
And flight's contagious where wanza abound.
Bring up reinforcements they form enmasse,
'Tis futile we use bichloride and gas.
Make strategic retreat, they dig themselves in,
We cover them up, it looks like a sin
To see of these heroes the bravest and best,
In the lost battle, still biting, go west.
Amazonian peacemakers approach our camp,
Each wife a vixen, each maiden a vamp.
“Ashes to ashes and dust unto dust,”
Peacemakers are blest, but die these bugs must.
There's no race of bugs in all this wide land.
Against such fierce odds forever can stand.
With ranks in panic, they fly like the chaff,
Our hearts are callous—we jeeringly laugh.
The wanza (bed bugs) put up a great fight,
Goodbye, little wanz, we bid you good night.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

Where is John Barleycorn, where does he dwell?
The devil has got him, and all is well.
How near we may stray, how far we may roam,
“Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.”
To regions below his exit was hurried,
His form a shadow, his looks sad and worried.
To ever come back his chances are slim,
Amendment Eighteenth was the finish of him.
He'll never again our country harass,
The Volstead law gave to him the coup-de-grace.

When "John" was alive, and yet above ground,
Full fifty per cent. in whiskey was found.
His booze is now water, his bread all dough.
One-half one per cent. is all he can show.
Corn, barley and rye no longer spell booze,
Though boobs are still prone this poison to use.
Good bye! corner grog shop; good-bye! beer saloon;
Good-bye! beer and light wines; you'll not come back soon.
Touch—taste not—nor handle the poisonous stuff;
Let stop, look and listen; be warning enough.
Why should not purveyors of moonshine and beer,
Get the same sentence with the counterfeiter?
The taverns and inns were like rat traps, no doubt,
Easy to get in, but hard to get out.
It makes little difference how fast "hell bent"
That bright day in Autumn the Pine Tree State went.
When it cast its famed vote for "Old Tippecanoe"
With Governor Kent and John Tyler, too.
Blest be that day when it threw Barleycorn out,
And started to travel the heavenly route,
It caused a rift in the clouds to appear,
And now praise the Lord, the whole sky is clear.
Unbounded our pleasure—amen! our refrain;
Our joy's without measure—our flag's without stain.
With three sheets in the wind, started by ale,
Many brave sailors went down in the gale.
The old razzle dazzle was "Johnnie's" best hunch,
He's beat to a frazzle by Anderson's punch.
We heard—I believe it—that "Pussyfoot's" eye
Is the thing that will make Old England go dry.
To name all the heroes would need much more space
Than we are permitted to use in this place,
But cannot forbear John G. Woolley to name—
So alert, trustworthy, sane, courteous and game.

BARLEYCORN'S WATERLOO.

"John" is driven out of Georgia, Virginia, and Maine—
In Arkansas and Tennessee resistance was but vain.
The Carolinas freed from rum now join the glad refrain.
America is dry!

Hurrah! for North Dakota and for Colorado, too,
To prohibition Oregon and Washington are true;
While Idaho with freedom blest has bidden booze adieu,
America is dry!

Put Arizona on our list, her rum no more enthralls,
And Mississippi's mighty flood has cleansed her Augean
stalls,
But West Virginia's paeans echo from her mountain
walls,
America is dry!

South Dakota and Montana saw "John Barleycorn's" defeat,
Nebraska and Alaska heard "John" sounding out retreat.
In Michigan "Bill" Sunday made "John's" overthrow complete,
America is dry!

Maryland, My Maryland! put the Amendment through.
The "Drys" of Texas and Vermont are of the truest blue,
The "Blue Hen's Chicken," Delaware, showed "Wets" what
he could do.
America is dry!

New Hampshire is the Granite State, New York is the
Empire,
They put two punctures in the tread of Barleycorn's spare
tire.
Ohio and Kentucky put "John's" fat into the fire,
America is dry!

Wisconsin voted out this booze several years ago;
With Wyoming and Illinois threw overboard the foe,
And Pennsylvania and Utah decided "John" a woe,
America is dry!

Massachusetts, Indiana—Missouri of the West,
Louisiana and New Jersey responded to each test;
While Minnesota sought the fray with appetite and zest,
America is dry!

Oklahoma's flag is stainless, Alabama's right at last.
Iowa's nightmare, thank the Lord! is over now and past;
But Kansas, canny Kansas, smote this insect with the
blast,
America is dry!

Nevada is the Silver State, California the Gold,
New Mexico and Florida as slaves would not be sold.
Rhode Island and Connecticut are still outside the fold,
America is dry!

BARLEYCORN'S DOOM.

Days ago the times were breezy,
I was young and money easy,
My hale appetite surceasy,
Surceasy, sir, with pure old ryes.
Barleycorn had not then croaked, sir,
Ribbons white were (ha! ha!) joked, sir,
We were with hail fellows yoked, sir;
Yoked, sir, we were happy guys!

I oft said "I am a winner!"
Had the good wines with my dinner.
He that drank, sir, was no sinner.
Sinner of the deepest dye.
I was happy, don't you hear me!
Friends and money always near me,
There were many things to cheer me,
Cheer me, in those days gone bye.

We used all the booze we could, sir.
Pumpernickel, if we would, sir,
Acted as all good friends should, sir,
Drank the Schlitz beer, not moonshine.
But the Schlitz beer is forgotten,
Prohibition is begotten,
And our freedom is geshotten.
Geshotten, the old beer stein.

Why are we so horned and hacked, sir,
By this hellish Volstead Act, sir,
We should be most surely backed, sir,
Backed, by true Americans.
Ev'ry mother's son and daughter
Is expected to drink water.
All our rights are marked for slaughter,
Slaughter, by the Leagner fans.

What! am I a mollycoddle?
Is there no wit in my noddle?
We have paid out our last doddle.
Doddle, doddles, how they go.
I'm against the "dry" Amendment!
Though "John" now is the defendant;
We will soon be the ascendent!
Ascendent, say yes or no!

Hear me, neighbor! you have said it!
But you surely never read it,
If it's fancy you have fed it,
Fed it, on hot air and gas.
All the states have lately voted,
The returns have all been noted,
At a discount whiskey's quoted
Quoted, none for sale, alas!

Now, sir, listen, don't you get me?
I will tell you, if you'll let me;
You should be so glad you met me,
Met me, in this fateful hour.
Hallelujahs! should be given,
Barleycorn to hell is driven,
The last chain of rum is riven.
Riven, rum has lost its power.

Wayne B. Wheeler is a bright one,
His opinion is the right one,
Each law by him a pig tight one,
Piggish tight and bullish strong!
Our Bill Anderson's pinch hitter,
Our George Crabbe is not a quitter,
Our good friends the "wets" are bitter,
Bitter, mournful is their song.

Come, get on the water wagon,
Show no love for brandy's flagon,
But throw out the whiskey dragon,
All light wines and lager beers!
Ain't you heard our hearty glories?
Haint you read the wondrous stories?
Ten to nothing now the score is,
Score hurrahs and give three cheers!

Can't you hear "John" beastly bawling?
Rum's dominion sure is falling,
Let us now ghouls' work forestalling,
Make the sentence, never more!
Maine, the Pine State, is our mother,
Canny Kansas is a brother,
Maryland should be another,
Barleycorn, we'll see no more!

Tot for prattle, hot the battle,
Long and loud the roar and rattle.
We were like stampeded cattle,
Cattle, headed for the brink.

Neal Dow was our first great leader,
Woolley was our foremost pleader,
He that runs may be a reader,
Reader, why uphold strong drink?

"John" can't show a continental,
Not a tattered regimental,
He's no longer sentimental,
Sentimental as to brews.
Swigs the swilly schnapps and slops, sir,
Mixes poison with the hops, sir,
Nor at home-brew hog-wash stops, sir,
Stops, sir, guzzling deadly booze.

Drink no more the poisonous beer, sir,
Reason's admonition hear, sir,
And for prohibition cheer, sir,
Cheer, sir, Barleycorn's forlorn.
Looks a broken sport, indeed he
Is the worse for wear and weedy;
Gone his shoes, his socks are seedy,
Seedy, shabby, tattered, torn.

Police officers should mug him,
Penitentiaries jug him,
Adders, rattlers, vipers hug him,
Hug him in a padded room.
Let this rascal rip and rare up,
We will see he does not flare up,
With composure he must bear up,
Bear up, this his final doom.

"John" went downward in disaster,
Comet never traveled faster,
Prohibition is his master,
Master, yes, forevermore!
We shall never see this creature,
Lost to us his form and feature,
We can never hope to greet your
Friends on the Elysian shore!

Barleycorn still spits and splutters,
Gnashes teeth and mutely mutters,
Not a single blessing utters,
Utters oaths not loud, but deep.
See him! there among the roasted,
Seething hot and brownly toasted,
Of his powers loud he boasted,
Boasted. He that sows must reap.

For not one fond farewell stayed he;
For no parting kiss delayed he,
But in desperation brayed he,
Brayed and brayed and nothing more!
Barleycorn appears right dizzy,
Do you want to know where is he?
See that wandering spirit! 'tis he,
Wandering, on the Stygian shore.

"Johnnie" was an old-time rounder—
Rectifier and compounder;
Prohibition's saner, sounder,
Sounder, safer for the State.
"Johnnie's" worried, wrecked, aweary—
Tattered, tired, torn, ateary—
Dismal, desolate, adreary,
Dreary, dry, disconsolate.

Look not on the wine when red—
It but conceals the adder's head
And crawling, hissing serpent bred,
Serpent bred in poison's bowl.
Take no chances with this sniper—
They who play must pay the piper;
Try not, touch not, the vile viper,
Viper ruining the soul.

"Johnnie's" eyes are red with crying—
"Johnnie's" never dead, but dying—
"Johnnie's" soul's within him sighing,
Sighing for the blessed light.
Lice and maggots never slight him—
Fleas and jiggers scratch and bite him—
Bedbugs are so pleased to sight him,
Sight him either day or night.

Swarthy imps are "John" inhuming—
Radiant flames are "John" illumining—
Quenchless fires are "John" consuming,
Consuming this reprobate.
See! the brimstone smoke apprising,
To the whole world advertising
That for "John" there's no sunrising;
No sunrising—fixed his fate.

There is for him no tomorrow—
He can never hope to borrow
Respite or relief from sorrow,
Sorrow in complete torment.

Friends he knew on earth deride him—
Greater depths and woes abide him—
Drops of water are denied him,
Him denied half one per cent.

He is found among the slackers—
Gets no encores from the claquers—
Nor prescriptions from the quackers,
Quackers of the M. D. breed.
Parched his throat, his tongue is furry,
Burning his insides? Yes, sir, he
Has naught on his mind but worry,
Worry his eternal screed.

He will never see a pretzel—
No Indulgences from Tetzels—
Not a single drop the wets sell,
Wets sell whiskeys, wines and beers.
Plucked and cowed now is this rooster—
He's no longer liquor booster—
He don't crow as once he used to,
Used to, in his palmy years.

He must eat his schnitz and nep, sir.
Wanderluster in lock step, sir,
And with ball and chain be kept, sir,
Kept, sir, from his deviltry.
We can answer on the square, sir,
"Back and side go bare, go bare," sir,
He will be forever there, sir,
There, sir, through eternity!

"John" reminds me of Poe's raven—
Not half washed and poorly shaven.
Craven, crooked, crooked, craven.
Craven, cursed forevermore!
Let him wriggle, roast and rot, sir,
A life sentence he has got, sir,
See that you keep him right hot, sir,
Hot, hot, hotter—evermore!

PART VI.

THE SELF-MADE MAN.

I was meandering one bright day of June,
Revolving in thought, a familiar tune.
The sun at meridian, the day a dream,
My mind with force gripping a long pondered theme.
In a brown study, the passing attraction,
But vainly beleagured confirmed abstraction.
The subjects of all that possessed my thought,
The solution of which, I eagerly sought.
Psychology, the quest of the human mind,
Anthropology, the concept of mankind.
Of all freaks we meet, what fields we may scan,
Obnoxious beyond all, is the self-made man.
The product of self is a nature faker,
Who always is prompt to worship his maker.
On the morn of creation his keel was laid.
He is not now so perfect as when first made;
For Satan convinced him that any fool can
Construct his own building and perfect God's plan.
With an old rusty nail, one punctures the heel;
At that time a slight twinge of pain we may feel.
A wound of this nature, involving no bone,
Will heal in a few days—so let it alone!
Within forty-eight hours thereafter 'tis hot—
Blood poison and tetanus are tommyrot.
Professors are called, who gravely assured us,
If one day delayed, they could not have cured us.
They wash out the wound, use sponge, water and soap,
Prescribe curative salve, bichloride and dope.
If all things these surgeons advise us be true,
The next time we're wounded, we know what to do.
The doctors all tell us that tinc. iodine
Is trustworthy, antiseptic medicine.
Its only function—say whatever they may—
Is to give nature a square deal and fair play.
Its only purpose, after the last word is said,
To slaughter the wounded and cremate the dead.
Are we speaking of war? We are in a way,
The troops are microscopic bacteria.
A man sleeps between feathers, a long winter night;
He is as warm as a toast, though winds howl and bite;
And vainly believes that these covers are warm,
Give added caloric, protect from the storm!
Their only effect is to lengthen the glow.
And conserve the heat the heart throbs bestow.

Though flake by flake, feather by feather, snow falls.
Most surely yet softly, the landscape enthralls.
The frozen earth shivers, the tender plant moans,
The evergreens whiten, the sturdy oak groans.
The pale hue of death is beheld all around;
A white blanket of snow envelops the ground.
No better method could ever be chosen,
To freeze still harder that which is now frozen.
The snow lies in silence, a month or six weeks,
The frost reigns in triumph, the wind howls and shrieks;
But when frost and winds have exhausted their skill,
And have no more power to nip or to kill,
This covering of snow will sink in the earth
And succor the mother that once gave it birth.
To our greatest joy it is easily seen
The grain that was blighted is now fresh and green.
We call for the men of the weather bureau,
And meteorologists who test the snow,
This paradoxical case to explain,
And seek the springs of stored knowledge to gain,
They tell us the snow has the tempest controlled,
And been a protection from storm and the cold.
This ice king is not in the snow, but the air,
Which sounds to our ears both racy and rare.
To confirm this statement, one proof will suffice:
The warmest house in the north holds the most ice.
The glutton swallows down a mass of gross food;
It may be well ground, it may be unchewed.
He now with assurance on leisure may call
And cry out to the whole world—this ends it all!
Whereas, prehension, mastication, well done,
Deglutition, digestion, absorption, each one
Of the steps leading to assimilation,
Which is the climax of this combination.
Metabolism will either death or life give,
If destructive we die, if constructive we live.
We direct an appeal to Paul, an old friend,
On truth of his statements you may well depend!
What applies to plant life is innate to man,
Each is but one step in the same divine plan.
Paul may plant, Apollos the moisture bestow,
The God of Heaven causes all things to grow!
Whether in mirth, sorrow, abundance, distress,
May His mercy and your shadow ne'er grow less.

THE OWL.

A wise owl and I sauntered out one bright day,
My companion had much, I little to say.
Knowing for wisdom this bird's reputation,
I called on him for a brief explanation;
Why in this land, flowing with milk and honey,
One-half one per cent. had most of the money.
The wise old bird opened much wider his eyes
And looked in my face with most candid surprise.
He cleared his throat, and delivering a hoot,
Began to discuss the inquiry that's moot.
In days long ago antedating the Flood;
When men were eternally thirsting for blood,
He sought to destroy brute aristocracy,
And make the world safe for democracy.
He got him some blood-hounds and had them well drilled,
Their heads he patted and their stomachs well filled;
He taught them in kennels the wild stag to chase,
And corner the boar in a suitable place.
At his convenience the noble stag shot,
The sus scrofa was stuck and put in the pot.
The dogs got the entrails and slept on the floor,
If Bolshevistic, were kicked through the back door.
We presently find that war-making nations
Hold controlling interest in all corporations;
With priests and soldiers awed the meek of the world;
Hired soldiers used darts,—priests anathemas hurled.
If the slaves grow scant, and conditions apply,
There may be more wars—bring in further supply!
More tractable than hogs; should cause no surprise,
They not only wrought, but kept clean their own stys.
The barons and lords next promulgate their right
To own everything that appears in sight.
Who does all the work? Why sure it's a disgrace
For a lord to live in the sweat of his face.
Why surely it honors the laboring man
To maintain in affluence one gentleman!
If you do not like work and the world would see,
Be a Sancho and follow Don Quixote!
Capital is a result and not a cause—
No money is working that reaches their claws.
Not the combined fortunes of Gentile and Jew
Can cause two blades to flourish where but one grew.
A fatal accident befell Mister B,
He left a widow and a large family.
Do we reckon that the misfortune is great,
If his daily wage be his worth to the state?

It is the same old story from ancient times,
 We read it in prose and we've jingled in rhymes:
 It is all the same, whether jingled or read;
 But justice costs more for the quick than the dead.
 Two elements should enter the toiler's pay—
 Exertion and need should possess equal sway;
 For why should the toiler, who drudges for four,
 Be fed as the slave, who is drudger for more?
 If this be sound logic, the same must be true,
 Why feed him as freely, who labors for two?
 Go on to the finish, we will soon be done,
 Why feed him as often, who represents one?
 We use much more justice with hogs than with men,
 The sow with a litter has separate pen.
 She is fed with abundance of finest of chop,
 And receives at each meal two pails of rich slop.
 Work by the Golden Rule till night brings you rest!
 Live by the Royal Law, God knoweth the best!
 For why should the boss, with a wife for a pet,
 Receive so much more than the laborers get;
 Who rear the children, that the town may survive,
 Who keep the state going and the world alive!
 There is only one thing that stands in the way,
 It stands there now and has stood many a day!
 Reincarnation will conditions explain,
 And show the foundation of capital's reign.
 Profiteers I call reincarnated hogs,
 And strike-breakers are reincarnated dogs!
 "The birds without barns or storehouses are fed"
 From them let us learn how to gather our bread.
 By scratching and picking the trick is taken,
 The Lord owns it all—the trusts are mistaken.
 Who ever in barn yard, in field or on tree,
 Saw one small feathered biped scratching for three;
 Save the loving mother that cares for her brood,
 Aiding the helpless in amiable mood?
 It is true we've seen the old rooster, that's tough,
 Act very much like a big feast's not enough.
 He scratches a fine, large, fat worm from the ground,
 With much eclat calls all the pullets around—
 The plenteous sweet meats with himself to share.
 Though barn yards be sterile and fat worms be rare;
 With cock-a-doodle doo! and hip, hip, hurrah!
 He swallows it down to stuff fuller his craw.

THE HONEY-BEE.

We now will consider the small busy bee,
It ranks as best pattern of true industry.
In science of justice and virile fair play,
The bee can give odds to man any bright day.
It adds its small mite to community's store,
The weak take enough and the strong take no more.
There's only one query—how much did you shirk.
Not what did you earn; but how hard did you work?
How can you expect that the bee, flying wide,
Will gain as much sweets as the one that beside
The hive endeavors the ambrosia to gain,
From each tiny flower the nectar obtain;
Or the one that is weak and wanting in brain,
Has to be told to come in out of the rain,
To do the same work, show as much sweets and wax,
As the brother whose brain no gray matter lacks?
All teachers and students of authority claim,
Within narrow limits, their needs are the same.
All beehives have drones, the workers to cozen;
But these wise bees throw them out by the dozen.
On this subject at least—believe it who can—
Bees show better judgment than is shown by man.
John Smith prays the state to grant him a charter.
A railroad to build or in goods to barter.
In this his petition, he's pleased to relate
His chief objective is to favor the State,
In economy's name minutiae to guard,
Safety, comfort, despatch to be the reward.
Despite the provisos laid down in the prayer,
He makes highest charges the traffic will bear.
Will have none of your slack—not any back talk:
If you can't show a ticket of course—you walk.
Should you think for the goods, the price is too high.
In neighboring stores you may find a supply.
Do not be confounded for such is the game;
The goods are not better—the price is the same.
We seek to learn why and make some notations,
They point to the daily press for quotations.
To the newspaper men, this reply we meet
Their pointers are from Chicago and Wall Street.
We had always read, when our freedom was won,
The government was seated in Washington.
The President and Congress are seated there.
And this is all that can be said on the square.
We conclude that John Smith's objective is just
The same old project to pile up the gold dust.

That dazzles the eyes, and will cause one to see
How in all this beehive, he is the king bee.
One of the latest secrets, so often heard,
It was never whispered by any bright bird,
Luxuries of wealthy advantage bestow
And cause the oiled wheels of progression to go.
Were all the millionaires to vanish from view,
The wage earner would have but little to do.
Well, where mountains are highest the engineer
Perceives the locomotive's task most severe.
If all things were on the dead level 'tshould seem,
That the engine would use a little less steam.
The weak get the wax, the strong take the honey,
The poor get the work, the rich take the money!
On the tread mill of life, the toiler is found,
The slacker sits idle while the wheels go round.
Suppose every man got on that tread mill,
Would it not be more pleasant going uphill?
Care for helpless children and not anarchism –
Is the supreme thought of my Sovietism.
Perchance, Bolshevism sounds like a child of hell:
Economic justice will do quite as well.
If Biblical language, you rather would use,
Christian stewardship is the title to choose.
Not shadows but substance, should sympathy meet,
The rose if named buzzard, would smell just as sweet!

PART VII.

THE TAXPAYER.

Will you kindly wait, while we state a few facts,
And consider the query, who pays the tax!
One hundred and fifty, or so, years ago,
A writ, *de lunatico inquirendo*,
Would have followed the man who advanced the thought
That into this discourse is now being wrought.
And even some up to date lunatics
Will display no more gumption than to propose
To send the expositor over the sea
To unite his fortunes with Bolsheviki.
The taxpayer is he who toils on the square,
By his honest right arm pays his own car fare:
Who uses no pass when he travels abroad,
Or takes the old course that he always has trod,
Who pays for his lodging, his boarding bill, too.

The rent of his domicile, when it is due,
 The grocer, the doctor, for water and light,
 For wood, gas, and metamorphic anthracite.
 The Gospel should get a most generous share,
 And be a partaker of money and prayer.
 In a few terse words, in conclusion, we say,
 He, who earns his board and keep, and pays his way.
 Mister A. owns four houses, leasehold or in fee,
 In one he lives, the others X., Y. and Z.
 He pays all the tax, on the first one of course,
 And all other charges must have the same source.
 But let us take notice of two, three and four;
 He makes them bring profit from roof to front door.
 This A. takes a seat in his well heated den,
 Before him are seen paper, pencil and pen.
 It is plain that he is computing with care,
 What returns his houses will yield him each year.
 From the first there is no production in sight;
 The bills are for taxes, repairs, heat and light.
 He's soon in despair o'er the perplexing task;
 In sunshine of others now hastens to bask.
 On these, his investment must pay twelve per cent.,
 Which we all discern is a part of the rent.
 To bills for repairs must be given account,
 And will probably call for a large amount.
 Water, fuel and lights, the tenant must pay,
 And all similar bills must follow this way.
 The tax bill is always a pretty round sum;
 It takes lubrication to make the wheels hum.
 These houses may call for the fire bells to ring.
 An insurance policy is a safe thing.
 And though he possess not a tent or a cot,
 The tenant must pay ev'ry bill in the lot.
 To make out the list needs all his endurance—
 Interest and tax, repairs and insurance.
 Ground rent, perhaps, water and extras, et al.
 Call to seek him at home—not wait for his call.
 These bills, of course, meet the tenant or roomer,
 They now have found the ultimate consumer.
 The sum, without pretense of shamefacedness,
 Is divided by twelve to make it look less.
 And if small be the hut, and humble the cot,
 Fifty-two as divisor this lord has got.
 Which is to his profit which he ever seeks,
 In each year gives him four additional weeks.
 And thus on forever, resist as he may,
 The poorer the renter the more he must pay.
 If paid before due will the profits enhance,

The owner is always one week in advance!
Each week or each month as circumstances be,
The landlord will, these tenants faithfully see.
Now, listen to reason we state but the facts,
The money collected includes all the tax
That is levied for all expenses by law,
It finds safe repose in the clutch of his paw.
This is placed in bank for the purpose of gain,
Which he (with all others) is glad to obtain.
At the close of the year, in line he will be,
To pay the tax he got from X., Y. and Z.
The man, in truth, is a hot-air ejector,
And only an assistant tax collector.
He does, on a small scale, for one and for all,
What is done on large scale in our City Hall.
We may readily see that the millionaire
Avoids paying the tax in which he should share.
By investing his wealth in bonds, tax exempt,
Which should be regarded beneath our contempt.
The meanest of men is not the free lodger,
Usually called tramp, but the tax dodger.
The tramp has no assets on which to collect,
Is bided to sicken and die of neglect;
While the man with the wealth is long kept alive,
The doctors and nurses with oxygen strive
To keep his heart beating, his lungs to inflate,
For hours after reason has ceased to collate.
The mind is the ego—the body the shell—
The man is gone where? eternity will tell.
Keep the pumps going, keep the old hulk afloat,
There's good profit in oxygen azote.
While religion is, yet, as free as the air,
The doctors and nurses are costly and rare.
There is much surmise in my mind as to which
Is more disgraceful—to live poor—or die rich!
Life, in our system, is a handicap race,
The weakest and poorest are in the last place.
In nine times out of ten the contest is won
Ere the scratch men hear the report of the gun.

THE TRUSTS.

Why do not the wizards of finance and trade
Improve on the plan that the Lord, Himself, made?
Get up a huge combine to bottle the air!
Pre-empting the ground floor, you'll be billionaire!
Or build a great dam—store up water that falls

And sell it on options, puts, futures and calls?
 Organize a trust to impound the sunlight!
 If you have no money two H's are bright.
 But if neither pleases, try the next story,
 You may find a fine flat in Purgatory.
 A bow of promise, an arch planted on high—
 God placed his most beautiful gem in the sky.
 Will not some trust take it, get rich quick impound?
 A huge pot of gold at its base might be found.
 These concepts are big—execution bigger—
 Few tricks are too hard for a thimble rigger!
 Besides, don't you know, that science is youthful
 And politicians not venal, but truthful!
 God says in His Good Book the silver, the gold,
 The cattle, the mountains, the valleys, the wold,
 Are his by primary right of creation.
 The title is good—we hate litigation.
 But J. P. M. locks up the finest gold dust,
 J. D. R. is running the Standard Oil Trust.
 The Meat Trust corraled almost every steer,
 Milwaukee's fame rested on Schlitz lager beer.
 Armour, Morris and Swift get most of the meat,
 And Joseph of Egypt cornered all the wheat.
 The Guggenheims see that all the best copper
 Find safe anchorage in their little hopper.
 E. H. G. most of the iron ore seizes,
 W. H. O. much of the H₂O freezes.
 A. W. M. is striving, with might and with main,
 A strangle hold on aluminum to gain.
 If for your kodak, you should need a new film
 Call on Eastman first—you may get one from him!
 J. P. M. never made a small speck of gold,
 J. D. R., not one drop of oil that he sold.
 The Meat Trust no hair of a steer ever made,
 Or gave a good bargain in barter and trade.
 Armour, Morris and Swift still arouse our fears,
 Joseph of Egypt has been dead many years.
 Since lager was voted out by the nation,
 Milwaukee's fame has a rotten foundation.
 Guggenheims none of this copper created—
 The slag from the metal they separated.
 While the Steel Trust in sand, the sow and pigs seat;
 All the rest is the application of heat.
 And whence came the heat? The scientists maintain
 The Sun is the reservoir, source and the main.
 By appliance of cold in the A. I. C.,
 Adam's ale changes to ice quite speedily.
 What is the cold's source? Why scientists repeat

This cold is only the abstraction of heat!
 How much this explains let these scientists state,
 This elucidation is right up to date!
 Celluloid, as camphorated gun cotton,
 Was used long before Eastman was begotten!
 The Salt Trust has all the salt's choice savor;
 A. F. L. would organize all the labor.
 A. A. C. C. controls all fertilizer;
 The A. A. C. is a great advertiser.
 The Biscuit Trust charges five cents for a bun;
 And anthracite is fifteen dollars a ton.
 Drawbaugh (and not Bell) made the first telephone;
 And Volstead made U. S. as dry as a bone.
 Heat and light, telephone, trolley and water,
 And ev'ry public service son and daughter
 Are greatly astounded if the public show
 Disposition, the true conditions to know.
 The primary object their efforts attends,
 Is cutting ripe melons, paying dividends.
 You don't like the service—send message by mail—
 Then walk at your leisure—ride on a fence rail.
 You cannot read in the dark—buy some thrift lights—
 They will save you much money long winter nights.
 Will retail them at cost—they use little gas—
 Why, they beat Sapphira and Ananias!
 If you don't like the water which they supply,
 Buy Appollinaris—those springs are not dry.
 The capital system's top heavy, 'tis plain,
 The poor do the hard work—the rich take the gain.
 There are too many rivers—not enough rills—
 Not enough level and too many hills.
 The mountains are high, the depressions are deep,
 The level's a morass, the ascents are steep.
 The passes are kept with the machine gun nest.
 Obsequious to capitalists' behest.
 No accounting for taste, the old woman said,
 Who kissed the old cow. To extort from the dead
 Is less to your shame than the living to rob,
 To strut at your leisure and play the nabob.
 Like an automobile, when his wife grows stale,
 Patronizes an up to date bargain sale.
 What's done with the old one what crop does she reap?
 She will pass to the boneyard or the scrap heap!
 This new costly limousine, though highly geared,
 Will soon be too sluggish for this old Bluebeard.
 Select any machine, whatever the make—
 The stronger the car, more powerful the brake.
 But, whether rich or poor, be they clad or bare,

Pure examples of self-sacrifice are rare.
 One tenth is the Lord's, all the tithers declare;
 The other nine-tenths then must be Caesar's share!
 Recall the fate of "The Interchurch Movement,"
 It rooted and flourished wherever it went,
 Till a select few made that famous report,
 That gave to the "Steel Strike" rational support;
 When bang! went the "Movement" into upper space,
 And of it we find neither pieces nor trace.
 The report caused multimillionaires to gnar
 And hold from this good cause the sinews of war.
 And if money can baffle the Lord's Amen!
 It's a dangerous power for selfish men!
 Millionaires drink the cream—the poor the skimmed milk;
 The poor wear shoddy—the rich, linen and silk.
 Dives lets fall crumbs from the table as boons,
 Humane dogs will lick the obscure beggar's wounds.
 Though examined, through charity's veil and tears,
 Most wealthy are grabbers and rank profiteers.
 They wish to reduce the cost of production,
 We inquire the per cent. of wage reduction.
 Adherence to honor compels us to state
 The man with the least wages is highest in rate.
 This explains the whole case without the least doubt—
 The weak man is the most easily knocked out.
 Don't feel encouraged because of your powers,
 The black cloud of pressure over you lowers.
 The engineer, that seeks to lay out a road,
 Introduces the most scientific mode.
 You never saw one to take from the level,
 The hill already steep still more to bevel!
 Of course not, he removes from the hill always,
 The bottoms to fill up the levels to raise!
 Apply the same spirit to barter and trade,
 If you plan to construct on an even grade.
 God uses this method the soil to construct,
 He breaks down the mountains the vales to induct.
 For the needs of nature this method is wise,
 But for elevations that reach to the skies,
 The process that meets with our approbation,
 Is to bore straight through the mountain foundation.
 You may wish to make inquest, why not pursue
 The plan used by God with the same end in view.
 Time, patience and toil, we usually find,
 Bring justice economic to all mankind.
 If God in wisdom teaches evolution;
 Why should man, in folly, preach revolution?
 This is the principle on which all agree,

Man works in time—God in eternity.
 The clouds in fleecy packs, sailed northeast today;
 There is a southwest wind the weather men say.
 Will the scientists make clear this conundrum!
 Well, one is towards and other is from.
 Why should Old Boreas blow north, east, south or west?
 Why not remain at home and take a long rest?
 Should he call at the front or at the back door,
 He is not always a welcomed visitor.
 Something whispered a word to the southwest wind—
 In the northeast, a vacuum you will find,
 The barometer sees a low pressure space,
 And you are now found in a congested place.
 The vacuum, by nature, is the most abhorred,
 Just why it is so there is no true accord.
 In what way that southwest congestion arose,
 You must ask the good Lord, for he only knows.
 Whatever the reason, the cause, the wherefore,
 The wind strives an equal poise to restore.
 And joined in one chorus with tides of the sea
 Support the methods of the Bolsheviki.
 You smile in derision, an ark of the sort
 Built by these new Noahs will never reach port.
 Three miracles have chanced in this present age:
 Abolition, prohibition and suffrage!
 And it's just as easy, a dummy may see,
 For the Lord to perform four as to work three.
 You are smitten with fright to hear the word bomb,
 That sent out the trust magnate to kingdom come;
 That snuffed out his candle and set his soul free,
 Pronounced in your presence by Bolsheviki!
 The soldier that shows no traces of pity,
 But, with gas and bombs, beleaguers the city,
 Is a brute. At the war's close this villain should
 Be made to tote water and cut up firewood.
 But let him, at leisure, encircle the town,
 To starve it, in a safe place, set himself down,
 Though thousands may die by the route starvation,
 This is the method of civilization—
 This captain will have honorable mention—
 Be hailed as a hero and get a pension.
 But, you say, there was no occasion to die—
 Just hoist a white flag in the face of the sky.
 Well, who willingly uses gas and nitrites,
 That frighten the days and illumine the nights,
 If he may reach the identical station
 By the rose-strewn path of kindly starvation!
 The terrorists use bombs to blow up their man,

Capital dominates the starvation plan.
What is the difference! do not be so dense!
We can solve the riddle in one brief sentence.
The same as 'twixt tweedle dum and tweedle dee,
Or between the devil and the deep sea,
Like difference between the weft and the warp,
Or if by chance the axe be dull or be sharp,
To give (not get) is the secret of living,
And sacrifice, the true measure of giving.
The wealth we possess is not our own treasure,
For we are but stewards at the State's pleasure.
No legal transfer of real estate is made,
Unless it be by the State's agent OK'd.
Why not weigh benefactions by what remains?
The miser is condemned for what he retains.
Who gives millions, and still has millions at call,
Will give nothing compared with him who gives all.
The poor widow who cast her mites in the plate,
Gave more in God's judgment than any magnate.

PART VIII.

COLUMBIA.

Columbia, illustrious! in glory arrayed,
Thine honor unsullied shall ne'er be betrayed.
Her mission's exalted, her flag, floating free,
Is hailed the triumphant by land and by sea.

Columbia, benignant! with joyful accord;
Her gallant achievements shall history record.
All nations shall read, with applause and delight,
That strength is here wedded with honor and might.

Columbia, courageous! though despots conceive,
And tyrants imagine, her hurt to achieve;
With firmness undaunted she'll march to the field—
Her right is her power, her might is her shield.

Columbia, victorious! with ensign unfurled—
And Liberty's torch to enlighten the world.
The slave breaks his fetters—his desolate night
Made light by the stars of that banner so bright!

Columbia, triumphant! when war's dread alarm
Subsides, and sweet peace sleeps upon his right arm—
Her foes, e'en though vanquished, with praises proclaim
Her power is boundless, and just is her fame.

Columbia, resplendent! what glories arise
From heroic souls to illumine thy skies!
The stars of the heavens thy battles shall fight,
The moon in her splendor, the sun in his might.

Columbia, heroic! with victory crowned,
For valorous exploits and mercy renowned,
In war like the eagle, in peace like the dove,
We bring thee affection, devotion and love!

Columbia, immortal! thine ancient renown
Thy sons through all ages shall wear as a crown—
Increasing in luster, the isles are its gems,
Adorning the fairest of earth's diadems.

Columbia, my country! my heart's only home,
My spirit ne'er sighs from thy portals to roam.
Our God is our refuge, our fortress, and tower,
Our buckler and shield—our defender and power!

RUSSIA.

Let us speak of Bolshevism, that bugaboo;
It sounds less frightful to me than to you.
It is not an advertised panacea;
But a forward step, an advanced idea.
Bolshevism is the rule of majorities,
Aristocracy, rule of minorities.
Take your own free choice, my friend, this is allowed;
Be like a brother, rub elbows with the crowd.
For rights of property has but scant respect;
Private rights in soil they utterly reject.
All of the earth's wealth—if created by God—
Is held in common, from center to sod.
To Jehovah alone their hats they will doff;
"For the world is Mine, and the fulness thereof."
One maxim they teach us: 'Tis a disgrace
To live in the sweat of another man's face.
If you seek to prosper use your own labor,
Take no step at the expense of your neighbor.
Each man, in a measure, controls his own work,
Is not allowed by law his task to shirk.
They are all concerned with the profit and loss,
And by free election, select their own boss.
He, who shares the profits, holds on with a vim;
You will surely get the most work from him.
But you do well particularly to note,
Each toiler on the job has only one vote.

Of course all voters will with their friends hob-nob
 And use every means to land the fat job;
 But do not from this acknowledgment contend,
 That the whole concern will come to an end.
 It is the identical process we see
 In the land of the brave and the home of the free.
 Look at the Democrats electioneering,
 Republicans by hot air profiteering!
 You say the unlettered, that use the shovel,
 Who live in an alley and die in a hovel,
 Do not know enough about business to vote,
 Have only sense enough to push and to tote.
 These same unlettered, you must freely confess,
 Each had a vote for President and Congress.
 We see you are no democrat, no friend of man,
 And not even a square deal Republican.
 To close this palaver, at all elections,
 We detect not a few unwise selections.
 While we favor red—it is both rich and warm—
 Variety of color also has charm.
 We acknowledge no wish to see our flag furled:
 It is the most beautiful in the wide world.
 The only desire, to which friendship assents,
 Is to righten the wrongs the flag represents.
 Are there none? Let New Jerusalem appear!
 For we are sure the Millennium is here.
 God's Word says a rising of dead shall attend
 Gabriel's trumpet, that announces the end.
 We are not surprised that no Bolsheviks appear
 In the first great rising of which we should hear.
 In the burial grounds within our purview,
 Capitalists are many—Bolsheviks few.
 Capital (this is by W. J. Bryan told),
 Would crucify labor on a cross of gold.
 Why press on Russia's forehead a crown of dross
 And crucify her on a gold plated cross?
 The transcendent Star in earth's diadem
 Was born in a manger in Bethlehem,
 Was despised and rejected, spit on, denied.
 Sold for a few dollars and crucified.
 Hercules, so many ancient tales relate,
 Was the object of Juno's vindictive hate.
 The infant Hercules got the strangle hold
 On her two serpents is in these stories told.
 Capitalist nations, with the same intent,
 Against infant Russia many serpents sent;
 But instead of being vanquished by a beast,
 Bolshevism appears the sunrise of the East.

What gratitude did the infant giant owe
The bloody, cruel-hearted goddess Juno?
How much stronger curses to money is due,
Which hired many serpents, while Juno used two?
At the close of the war they counted the dead,
To our astonishment Russia was ahead.
We inquire, What nation lost most in this war?
You reply, What a dunce, France of course by far.
See her ravaged towns, her edifices marred,
Her sod bestrewn with bayonet, shell and shard;
Her vineyards and her forests torn from the soil.
Fell war has turned to dust centuries of toil.
A thousand graveyards reveal the fatal drain,
The millions of graves guard the bones of the slain.
Read the epitaphs; if passing by perchance,
Many of the dead are not the sons of France.
Quentin Roosevelt sleeps where virgin lilies bloom;
The stars of France keep watch o'er his honored tomb.
Time, patience, perseverance, toil and skill
Will beautify each desolate vale and hill;
But the dead peasantry of Muscovite stock
Will never bare their breasts to the battle's shock.
Do we grant all others the rights we have gained
And share with them the places which we attained?
If so, we are Republican—Democrats
And not genteel silk-stocking aristocrats.
But, if to capital and caste we are true,
Russia is no delightful country to view.
'Tis in strict accord with God's plan, you cry,
That the weak must suffer and the lamb must die.
Man's sins and oppressions have caused this, we know;
But in Eden's garden, it was not found so.
Dividends to stockholders by them are tabooed,
The toilers will draw all dividends accrued.
The syncophants and parasites to court are haled,
All devotees of idleness promptly jailed.
Cannot a man's own money work in his stead?
Industry, not money, gives man his earned bread.
Whether your money works is easy to say,
By the mode you got it—let us know the way.
If by honest labor of your two good hands
No substitutes are in Bolshevistic lands—
Then it's your surplus toil that labors for you
And the profit of this surplus is your due.
If by inheritance it's yours in our law;
But it will not assimilate well in your maw.
Much food at one time for man's wants is not good,
It may suit the ruminants that chew the cud.

What the doctors advise—its wisdom is seen—
 To take it in small doses with work between.
 To be more specific by two hands we mean
 The whole range of work when any field we glean.
 I'm old and feeble—where shall I get my fare?
 A pension is your portion the strong must bear.
 I do not ask for alms—would no pauper be!
 Man, you've earned a rest, be from labor free.
 Sure, it seems to me, this is a forceful plan
 That grants a competence to each toiling man.
 Now, a great outcry against Russia, is made,
 "Bolshevistic robbers" have made a great raid.
 Well, Romanoff Samoderzhetsi, ahem!
 For centuries enslaved and exploited them.
 Where were all these blatherskitic bluffers then,
 Who vehemently uphold the rights of men?
 They were not often seen—most likely never—
 One slave to release, one shackle to sever.
 But when these Muzhiks call for a square deal—
 To the god of wars make a fervent appeal,
 They seize the offices, the cash and the farms,
 The munition factories, the mines and the arms,
 They go, the Rough Riders never faster went;
 You say they violate the Eight Commandment.
 Can't you understand, they've had another deal!
 Can't you read plain English?—"Thou shalt not steal!"
 We will now lock horns—the case is up to you;
 As it seems to us—we've scanned it through and through,
 The factories, cash and farms are surplus toil,
 The result of centuries of sweat and toil.
 And since those Muzhiks gave most of the sweat,
 That the property is theirs is a safe bet.
 When our negro slaves out of servitude went,
 They received not a "thank you" or a "red cent."
 When these Muzhiks were detached from the sod,
 Their only estate was liberty and God.
 What mines contain was by God directly made,
 It belongs to the people. He himself has said
 That man must live in the sweat of his face,
 Not his brother's sweat or by his father's grace.
 Another text to meditate o'er and o'er,
 To bind on your brow, to forget nevermore,
 Paul was the first one that maxim to repeat:
 The man who will not work neither shall he eat.
 If you have some men who are working for you,
 Let them do your eating and your drinking, too.
 The chief aim now in trade is fortunes to make,
 Bolshevism can show a better road to take.

The first great object should be, at any rate,
 Not to get rich, but to benefit the state,
 Not that a fortune to any one it gives,
 But the assurance that the other man lives.
 The men who do the labor are their own boss
 And equally share in the profit and loss.
 Do we mean to say that a dull, luckless wight,
 Receives as much pay as the man that is bright?
 The man's wage is based on what the man has made,
 And not by the money that he has in trade.
 He, who does his best, although that best be poor,
 Does as well as angels—this you've heard before.
 In the past sixties we were likely to sink,
 Bitter wormwood and gall were called on to drink;
 When foes were in number like sands of the shore
 With friends few and helpless dismayed and forlore;
 The vultures of Europe were watching with zest,
 The flesh of our carcass to choose, what seemed best;
 The Great Bear of the North reached out his strong paws
 And showed to our foes the extent of his jaws.
 The Great Bear should have no cause for regret,
 Now is the best time to discharge this just debt.
 'Tis a bum argument, that any one gives,
 Capital must perish, if Bolshevism lives.
 Money, not justice, is the flag that is waved,
 And property at any cost must be saved.
 Capital is stronger than gratitude's suit;
 For love of money of all evil's the root.
 The laborer is the employer's slave,
 Whether that employer be fair or a knave.
 Advantage for the boss must be his first care,
 To express a cherished wish, he does not dare.
 Unless that idea be in full accord
 With the interests of his master and lord.
 He, who advocates a Bolshevistic plan,
 Is forthwith discharged, as a dangerous man
 And found, if not curbed, to end peace and quiet;
 To throw a bomb and perhaps start a riot.
 The Bolshevik is the Muzhiks' defender;
 "The borrower is servant to the lender."
 Develop not the minds of poor lunatics;
 But get your ideas from friendly critics.
 Should you wish to know what the Bible contains,
 Would you consult Ingersolls, Voltaires and Paines?
 When on the exegetic sea you embark,
 A trusty commentator is Adam Clarke.
 If the search of Bolshevism you would begin,
 Apply for instruction to Mister Lenine.

We're still on the cross the Muzhiks testify,
A million starving babes add their feeble cry.
A fire round Russia keeps out ravenous ghouls;
A girdle of steel her circumference rules.
The first kept alive by the Bolsheviki,
The second in place by capital's decree.
This venal band will most surely be riven
And the wildest of beasts to dens be driven.
Whatever their habits, whatever the name,
Bolsheviki will these wild animals tame.
Some simple minded folk think it as healthy;
If a poor man drink rum, as for the wealthy.
Why, you poor boob, it is no question of health;
But simply and solely a matter of wealth.
Should the rich have no stock of whiskey and wine;
He may get for ten bucks a quart of moonshine.
Despite our warning and tearful advice,
The poor man would duplicate had he the price;
But without any reserve to buy a pall
He gets for a dollar some wood alcohol.
Within a few brief hours his breath he will yield
And get a free passage to the Potter's Field.
Do you call this injustice—a shameful deal—
And cry day and night The Volstead Law repeal!
Show us the difference in any one thing,
We'll confess we are beaten and quit the ring.
The only exception we have heard of yet,
Religion is harder for the rich to get.
All toilers are stockholders; and at the end
Of the term draw on the surplus dividend.
And, if there are no parasites hanging round,
All dividends in toilers' hands may be found.
Is this poor policy? It will not give
To ambitious persons the least incentive;
In the race of life, where victories are won,
People like horses need spurs to urge them on!
Ah! you say, there may be losses and not gain;
Yes! and we see like conditions obtain
In capital system, which you say is best,
The factory's then closed and all take a rest.
The employers live on incomes from their stocks
Toilers on principal—they are soon on the rocks.
But capital you claim is a needed part
To buy the goods and tools and give things a start.
The state is the treasurer on which they depend
To furnish the capital and credit lend.
Where is the joker! they pay back what is lent;
They borrow from themselves and by them it's spent.

Oh! dull man; oh! dumb man; can't you comprehend!
Don't look through the telescope from the wrong end!
You claim that it will not work, not long abide;
But we will not concur until it is tried
By sympathetic men, who are brave and true,
Always have a friend to keep tally for you.
He, who loves his neighbor as himself, will see
That neighbor has the same chance in life as he.
The man, with an income of thousands a day,
Offers two dollars as the laborer's pay;
Although he knows full well that the toiler's stress
Equals his own, this is none of his business.
You say he is worth it and gets but his due;
What you say may be perfectly true.
Then, in this event, we lock horns again;
He fills the positions of a thousand men.
I am anxious to learn—the duty is mine—
What befalls the nine hundred and ninety-nine.
Avoid all the circumlocution you can;
He takes one dollar for each laboring man.
Like the prize money in the Civil War days:
'Twas sifted through a ladder—a sailor says.
What stuck to the rungs was the forecastle's lot,
What fell between the rungs the quarterdeck got.
The toiler is a shiftless, ignorant lob,
If diligent he can get a better job.
If God had designed him for a higher sphere,
Much more gray matter in his brain would appear.
You give not the least care to a man's great need.
He gets what he earns and this is proper meed.
A's wife, who in health, does not put on her hose,
Has to keep a maid to arrange all her clothes.
Does not place her hand one dish to wash or dry,
Has machine washer the brawn to supply.
To furnish the meals, she has to keep a cook,
The household linen, a maid must overlook.
When she goes abroad has a chauffeur at hand
And car to transport her if on dry land.
But, if over water, she must have a yacht,
Crew of half a hundred and a safe pilot.
Her adornments must be of diamond and pearl,
She'd rather have as husband a duke or earl.
Her days and nights are passed away in ease;
Women of this kind do about as they please.
Should she have one child, it is a dreadful bore,
She's ever after careful to have no more.
To have more children is to her a kill joy;
Besides will it not her fine figure destroy?

Must have a nurse to assume the baby's care,
 Governess, for boarding school, the child to prepare.
 She's out all the night and sleeps all the day,
 A Sunday school teacher trains her child to pray.
 She's a birth controller, this cannot be denied,
 And a great exemplar of race suicide.
 (Were all the women now alive such as she,
 The beasts would own the earth in a century.)
 Does her own eating, and her own drinking, too;
 And this is all the work that she has to do.
 B's wife has only two or three pair of hose,
 They are frayed at the heels and thin at the toes.
 As to suits of clothes, makes but little display;
 The best she wears on Sunday and holiday.
 Washes each Monday, has washboard for machine,
 Runs by hand-power, her hand on, it is seen.
 On Tuesday has to iron the dried-out clothes,
 Which is tedious work, each housewife knows.
 On Wednesday darns the holes, but one pair of hands
 Will take the whole day to answer all demands.
 On Thursday, cleans the house, sweeps and scrubs around;
 On Friday in the wash tub again is found
 To rub out a few pieces—the outfit's incomplete—
 Will not last the week through and be clean and neat.
 After working all the week and without pay—
 Who would want to take a rest on Saturday!
 Holiday on Saturday sounds good to me;
 Oh, that was only a little pleasantry!
 But Sunday, sir, is a day most surely blest;
 Sunday is a great combine of all the rest.
 You have not mentioned children, what is the score?
 She has six now and will take as many more
 As her Heavenly Father in his wisdom gives,
 She trains them for Heaven, while for them she lives.
 Like each gallant soldier that periled his life,
 A bonus, for each child, should go to B's wife.
 She's up before the sun and works by candle light,
 She's busy all the day and far into the night.
 She sings with gladsome heart ere she breaks her fast,
 'Tis a sure sign she'll weep before the day be past.
 What is her income? What do you think she's worth?
 She's worth a million to any man on earth.
 The two dollars per day to which we refer,
 Includes also the work that is done by her.
 Do not hurry on to search for other rhymes,
 The preceding couplet read several times.
 A's wife is a parasite, A's wealth to spend,
 B's wife is an angel, aid and cheer to lend.

She's worth the diamonds, the rubies and pearls.
Adorning the wives of a billion dukes and earls.
Intrinsic value, and not the market price,
Is what we refer to in this our advice.
The diamond is naught but crystallized charcoal,
B's wife is a reasoning immortal soul
Who will still survive when rubies and pearls
Fade in the wreck of matter and crash of worlds.
She respects the Royal Law and Golden Rule.
In a feeble church teaches Sunday school.
The children crowd around, her bright smiles to share,
And hoary heads bow lower her gracious words to hear.
Grace and truth and mercy her life adorn,
Like dew her love refreshes each dreary morn.
Loved by her husband, by each child carest,
She blesses others and should by you be blest.
Since she is so busy there is no time to weep;
Oh! yes, while her spouse and children are asleep.
What are her treasures; her souvenirs so rare?
A baby's sock, a ringlet of golden hair.
Outraged justice to the Heavenly courts has flown,
A nation will reap the seed that it has sown.
Nemesis guards this wife ere our doom she seal,
Grant this woman equity and a square deal!
Don't wait till they reach Heaven accounts to square,
It is more than doubtful that A's wife be there.
Don't appeal to God in heaven justice to dispense
Till you've raised your hand in Mistress B's defense.
God's rule in Heaven does not require your aid;
What we did in time on earth will there be weighed.
Let us strew justice along life's dusty way,
For soon the night of death shall close the light of day.
Why, A, you are not a man; if this you see
And raise not your voice and hand B's wife to free!
Since strikes and bombs have for you no attraction;
Suggest to B direct ballot box action.
The most strenuous use more drastic attacks;
The I. W. W. would smash the box with the axe.
Some say, bore from within! some, bore from without!
(Rivets have heads on both sides sturdy and stout.)

PART IX.

A POETIC FANCY.

Having perused the book you've probably seen
The poor thing is thin, tame, barren and lean;
If this is your faith, then mental correction
Will cause approach that much nearer perfection.
Perhaps you will say it's too bad to correct,
And you are too gracious the whole to reject;
Acknowledging this, you are in a sad plight—
The bumps on a log neither run nor fight.
Pass the misplaced accents and imperfect rhymes.
No doubt the attire is not up to the times.
We cannot portray character like Shakespeare,
Or use good natured satire as Moliere;
We're no master of language like Shelly and Poe,
No writer of romance as Scott and Defoe;
We are not Judge Taft well versed in the law;
We're unable to spell like H. W. Shaw.
To write Paradise Lost called for a John Milton.
The Article Tenth a T. Woodrow Wilson.
We're not a humorist like Artemus Ward,
We're not in the same class with St. Bernard.
We are no John Wyclif—a bright morning star—
Or Alfred Tennyson sing Crossing the Bar.
Cannot moralize like Marcus Aurelius,
Philosophize as Chinese Confucius.
We are unable like Munchausen to lie,
Or cause laughter to ripple as a Bill Nye.
Cannot such bright tales as the great Chaucer pen,
A doxology that equals Thomas Ken.
We cannot like Dante and Stevenson sing,
Or write pretty ballads like Rudyard Kipling.
To ape Homer and Virgil do not propose,
Or imitate E. Waller's Go, Lovely Rose!
To Goethe and Lowell we would not appeal.
Who does not love Lady Nairne's Land of the Leal?
We lack flaming Isaiah's seraphic fire,
To Job's sublimity can never aspire.
Indite no pastoral like the book of Ruth,
Or write In Darkest England as William Booth.
We're not Deborah, songs triumphant to sing,
Or compose Psalms like David the Shepherd King.
We can never a great hymnologist be;
For instance, like a John or a Charles Wesley.
Edmund H. Yates advises Kissing the Rod,
Luther says A Mighty Fortress is Our God.

Hopkinson wrote Hail Columbia, Happy Land!
And Thompson, When Britain First at Heaven's Com-
mand!

Barbara Frietchie, of valorous renown,
Whittier asserts, took up the flag the men hauled down.
Francis Scott Key saw by the dawn's early light,
The Star Spangled Banner still waving in sight.
Emerson, Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here, once farmers fired the shot heard round the world!
Oliver W. Holmes saved the "Old Ironsides"
From a lonely grave in the mud and the tides.
McMaster, In their ragged regimentals,
But, yielding not, stood the old Continentals.
Thomas Gray gave us the greatest Elegy,
Samuel F. Smith, My Country, 'Tis of Thee!
Edmund Spenser indited The Fairie Queen,
A more beautiful fairie never was seen.
Mrs. Norton affirms Would I Were With Thee!
Francis Quarles responds, Delight in God Only!
C. Hankey, Tell Me the Old, Old Story,
de Lisle, Ye Sons of France Awake to Glory!
Francis Beaumont advises Take Those Lips Away!
A. H. Clough responds Some Other Day.
William Tell was immortalized by Schiller,
And the Sierras by "Joaquin" Miller.
To Jacques de Sain Pierre we owe The Shipwreck,
F. Hemans, The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck.
George P. Morris exclaims Woodman Spare That Tree!
Cunningham, A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.
Black-eyed Susan enraptured Master John Gay,
And John Dryden wrote St. Cecelia's Day.
Nicholas Rowe brings to attention Jane Shore,
Nathaniel Shepherd, Only the Clothes She Wore.
Madam Guyon sings, A Little Bird Am I;
E. W. Chapman, We'll Never Say, Good Bye.
John G. Saxe gave us The Rhyme of the Rail,
Stoddard King directs us on The Long, Long Trail.
John Clare inquires What I Am Who Cares or Knows?
Hannah F. Gould rejoices It Snows! It Snows!
Eugene Field is the author of Little Boy Blue;
O'Shaughnessy composed If She Only Knew.
Ulrich von Hutten protests The Die Is Cast,
G. I. Romanes has arrived Safe Home at Last.
By Alice Cary, The Latent Life was sought,
Phebe Cary wrote One Sweetly, Solemn Thought!
John Wesley declares We Lift Our Hearts to Thee!
T. T. Lynch prays Gracious Spirit Dwell in Me!
Grant says While Gathering Clouds Around I View;
C. D. Martin vows God Will Take Care of You.

Charles Wesley directs Blow Ye the Trumpet Blow!
 Hosmer says I Little See I Little Know.
 Robinson prays Holy Father Cheer Our Way!
 Auber joins With Joy We Hail the Sacred Day.
 Kirke White wrote When Marshaled on the Nightly Plain,
 Damascus' John, Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain!
 Medley sings Awake! My Soul! to Joyful Lays.
 T. Oliver wrote The God of Abram Praise.
 Matheson, Oh! Love That Will Not Let Me Go,
 Adolphus, Fear Not! Oh, Little Flock, the Foe!
 Blandly shouts He Will Give Me Grace and Glory!
 James Gray, Oh! Listen to Our Wondrous Story!
 Bonar says Go, Labor on, Spend and Be Spent!
 Lanier, Into the Woods My Master Went.
 Elliott, Just As I Am Without One Plea,
 Havergal, I Could Not Do Without Thee.
 "Unknown" wrote Oh! Mother Dear Jerusalem!
 Phillips Brooks, Oh! Little Town of Bethlehem!
 Alford claims My Bark Is Wafted to the Strand,
 S. Stennett, On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand.
 E. S. Ufford directs Throw Out the Life Line!
 Fawcett says How Precious Is the Book Divine.
 J. Mohr created Silent Night! Holy Night!
 Rodigast, Whatever God Ordains Is Right.
 Hunter, My Heavenly Home Is Bright and Fair,
 M. A. Kidder asks Is My Name Written There?
 W. Tappen, There Is an Hour of Peaceful Rest,
 Rose Teller Cook assures us It Is More Blest.
 Muhlenberg exclaims I Would Not Live Alway;
 Hart sighs Oh! For a Glance of Heavenly Day.
 A. B. Hyde says Sinner, Hark! a Voice Within!
 Straphan states Delightful Task Young Souls to Win!
 Davies cries Lord! I Am Thine, Entirely Thine!
 E. P. Barrows, Hallelujah! Christ Is Mine!
 J. Knowles sings, O, God! Though Countless Worlds of
 Light;
 John Mason, Blest Day of God, Most Calm, Most Bright!
 Ford insists How Vain Is All Beneath the Skies.
 Seymour exclaims Jesus Immortal, Arise!
 Bacon appeals, O, God! Beneath Thy Guiding Hand;
 Charles T. Brooke would have God Bless Our Native
 Land!
 Orwig slings O, God of Peace, Thee We Implore!
 J. Grigg says Behold a Stranger at the Door!
 J. Stewart cries Holy Spirit, Calm My Mind!
 S. Wesley, Behold the Saviour of Mankind!
 Faber wrote Faith of Our Fathers Living Still,
 And Heber, By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill.

J. Conder gave Day by Day the Manna Fell,
 Spafford, It Is Well with My Soul It Is Well!
 F. Pott heard Angel Voices Ever Singing;
 Meredith says The Bells of Hope Are Ringing.
 Barton cries We Journey Through a Vale of Tears.
 Gerhardt advises Give to the Winds Thy Fears.
 J. von Eichendorff recommends Morning Prayer,
 J. G. Holland claims There's a Song in the Air.
 Toplady wrote Rock of Ages Cleft for Me!
 And S. F. Adams, Nearer My God to Thee.
 M. Barber prays Prince of Peace, Control My Will!
 John Hay, Defend Us, Lord, from Every Ill!
 Waterbury, Soldiers of the Cross, Arise!
 T. Scott, Hasten Sinner to be Wise!
 Walter Scott, The Day of Wrath, That Dreadful Day!
 M. Babcock, Be Strong! We Are Not Here to Play.
 J. Bowring wrote Watchman! Tell Us of the Night!
 J. Monsell, Fight the Good Fight With All Thy Might!
 Phoebe Brown, I Love to Steal Awhile Away,
 Andrew Read pleads Turn My Darkness Into Day.
 Kendal wrote The Song That Once I Dreamed About.
 Will Carleton laments Betsey and I Are Out.
 John A. Heraud delights in The Future Home,
 John Keats suggests Ever Let Fancy Roam.
 Marlowe pleads Come, Live With Me and Be My Love!
 Rossetti, She Listened Like a Cushat Dove.
 W. Barnes wrote As I Left the Road in May;
 Cowper, I Am Monarch of All I Survey.
 E. Caswell sees When Morning Gilds the Skies;
 Anna M. Proctor commands Lift Up Thine Eyes!
 Coleridge says She Is Not Fair to Outward View.
 William J. Linton vows but She's Real and True.
 Heine says I Called the Devil and He Came,
 Shakespeare asserts Youth Is Nimble Age Is Lame.
 James Hogg is lonesome When Maggie Gangs Away.
 John Sterling says 'twas On a Beautiful Day.
 William Collins rehearses How Sleep the Brave.
 Epes Sargent, A Life on the Ocean Wave.
 Stephen Foster composed Old Dog Tray,
 M. Oliphant, He That Will Not When He May.
 Annie Hector asks to see Her Dearest Foe.
 Wilkie Collins gives his reply I Say No!
 George Herbert, Sweet Day! So Cool, So Calm, So Bright.
 Rose Thorpe declares Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight!
 George Root wrote Just Before the Battle, Mother,
 Monahan, Tell Me of the Battle, Brother!
 George Cooper sang Beautiful Isle of the Sea
 And Mary Lee Demarest, My Ain Countrie.

Alexander Smith described A Summer Day.
 Paul Barnes sang with spirit Good Bye, Dolly Gray!
 John Loker stands Tapping on the Garden Gate.
 Alfred Tennyson exclaims Too Late, Too Late!
 Thompson sang Far and Near the Fields Are Teeming,
 Linley, Ever of Thee I'm Fondly Dreaming.
 Thomas Campbell composed Lord Ullin's Daughter,
 And Harry Linn, You'll Never Miss the Water.
 Ann Lindsay indited Auld Robin Gray,
 W. C. Bennett, A Thousand Leagues Away.
 Charles H. Webb gave us The Lay of Dan'l Drew,
 H. Clifton suggests Paddle Your Own Canoe.
 Nelly Ewell sings Kind Words Are Dear to All,
 Harry Hunter says Over the Garden Wall.
 Florence Percy sighs Rock Me to Sleep,
 Samuel K. Cowan wrote Out on the Deep.
 B. S. Barclay composed Come, Oh. Come With Me!
 L. Alamanni suggests, To Italy!
 John Suckling wants to know Why so Pale and Wan?
 Harry Vaughan, with pathos, states They Are All Gone!
 Kipling composed On the Road to Mandalay,
 Calverly wrote Lines for St. Valentine's Day.
 Jane Taylor describes The Philosopher's Scales,
 And Chaucer composed The Canterbury Tales.
 James Montgomery speaks of The Common Lot,
 J. C. T. Schiller counsels Haste Not, Rest Not!
 Jonson warns Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes,
 And Gilbert concurs Perhaps It Would Be Wise,
 George D. Prentice wrote for us The Flight of Years,
 Nickolaus Muller, The Paradise of Tears.
 R. Barnfield sang As It Fell Upon a Day,
 T. Heywood recommends Pack Clouds Away.
 Alexander Pope, The Universal Prayer,
 E. G. Taylor prays Meet Me There, Meet Me There!
 E. Landon sings The Setting of the Polar Star,
 Samuel Lover composed The Lowbacked Car.
 Frank Stanton tells me in rhyme What Bothers Him,
 James Whitcomb Riley says The Ole Man and Jim.
 John R. Wreford, Lord, For All Mankind We Pray!
 H. J. Vandyke, God, Defend America!
 George Henry Calvert praises Washington.
 H. W. Longfellow gave us The Day Is Done.
 Charles Jefferys, You Speak of Sunny Skies to Me,
 Charles Mackay praises The Miller of the Dee.
 John Boyle O'Reilly composed My Native Land,
 James R. Randall, Maryland, My Maryland!
 Byron says She Walks in Beauty Like the Night,
 Wordsworth states She Was a Phantom of Delight.

Goldsmith wrote an Elegy on Madame Blaise,
 Thomas Moore the ode, The Light of Other Days.
 Charles Kingsley travels Across the Sands o' Dee.
 Henry Francis Lyte implores Abide With Me.
 Huntington, Oh! Think of a Home Over There!
 William M. Thackeray, The Cane-bottomed Chair.
 The Old-arm Chair was penned by Eliza Cook,
 Lydia M. Child addresses My Mother's Book.
 George Meredith bewailed The Empty Purse,
 Jane C. Croly asks For Better or for Worse.
 Kosengarten gives The Amen of the Stones,
 Thomas Noel, with sarcasm, Rattle His Bones!
 Annie H. Cudlipp, He Cometh Not She Said,
 Isaac McLellan composed New England's Dead.
 Eliza Ward speaks of The Gates Ajar,
 Thomas Page tells what happened Befo' de War.
 T. Macaulay sings The Lays of Ancient Rome;
 John Howard Payne wishes for Home, Sweet Home!
 Louisa M. Alcott calls for Jack and Jill,
 M. B. Wallace wants The Sword of Bunker Hill.
 Newton states In Evil Long I took Delight;
 J. H. Newman supplicates Lead, Kindly Light!
 W. W. Walford praises the Sweet Hour of Prayer,
 Charles M. Filmore prays Tell Mother I'll Be There!
 E. Rexford sang Silver Threads Among the Gold,
 Mistress Luke, The Sweetest Story Ever Told.
 Philip P. Cook is in love with Florence Vane,
 T. B. Aldrich, Before and After the Rain.
 Arndt composed What Is the German's Fatherland?
 Lewis Morris gave to us Dear Little Hand.
 Joseph Addison recommends Divine Care,
 Eastman, The Farmer Sat in His Easy Chair.
 J. Q. Adams related The Wants of Man,
 A. H. Everett, A Young American.
 Walter Raleigh sang Go, Soul, the Body's Guest,
 J. Racine, Dispensing Light at His Behest.
 Boccage wrote an ode on The Wolf and the Ewe,
 J. F. C Delavigne describes Waterloo.
 Mary Clemmer, "We're Drifting," My Wife and I,
 Theodore Tilton sings softly Baby Bye.
 W. Hamilton says Busk Ye, My Bonnie Bride,
 E. Hamilton speaks well of My Ain Fireside.
 H. Drachmann asserts Father Is Out at Sea,
 William Knox wrote Lincoln's choice Mortality.
 R. B. Sheridan commands Let the Toast Pass,
 Samuel Butler satirizes Hudibras.
 Bret Harte first introduced The Heathen Chinees,
 Walt Whitman, an ode to Immortality.

Julia Pardoe describes The Beacon Light,
 Halpine avers O'Ryan Was a Man of Might.
 William P. Palmer speaks of The Smack in School,
 Prior says Every Poet Is a Fool.
 E. Lazarus wrote The Banner of the Jew,
 Hallevi gave The Hope of the Hebrew.
 Mary Howitt asks And Is the Swallow Gone?
 Charles James Lever composed The Widow Malone.
 Robert Southey created The Magic Thread,
 T. O'Hara wrote The Bivouac of the Dead.
 John Finley composed The Bachelor's Hall,
 Nora Perry speaks at length After the Ball.
 Henry Clay Work wrote The Year of Jubilee.
 B. Taylor, From the Desert I Come to Thee.
 Charles Lamb sighs When Maidens Such as Laura Die,
 James Shirley responded with The Lullaby.
 A. V. Rydberg protests We Shall Meet Again,
 W. Praed says I Met Him at Three Score and Ten.
 Richard Crashaw composed The Two Similes,
 Bonaventura, Adestes Fideles.
 Charlotte A. Bowles rehearses A Sunset Scene,
 And Charles Dickens, with much skill, Ivy Green.
 W. H. Furness speaks of The Eternal Light,
 Pratt wrote Over a Little Bed at Night.
 A. C. Swinburne recommends Kissing Her Hair,
 John Still composed Back and Side, Go Bare, Go Bare.
 James Thomson was styled The Poet of Despair,
 O. Lawrence Hawthorne declares Booze Put Him There.
 de Montyon introduces The Devil's Wife,
 James G. Clarke, The Evergreen Mountains of Life.
 Robert Burns calls to mind Auld Lang Syne.
 E. C. Clephane gave us The Ninety and Nine.
 Sisters Goodale indited A Storm at Night,
 A. D. T. Whitney wrote Sunlight and Starlight.
 Blackstone gave A Lawyer's Farewell to His Muse,
 Lucy Larcom composed Hannah Binding Shoes.
 T. Holcroft tells the story of Gaffer Gray;
 Read replies My Soul Today Is Far Away!
 Edmund C. Stedman tells us What the Wind Brings,
 W. D. Howells, The Song the Oriole Sings.
 Richard Gall recited The Braes of Drumlee,
 W. E. Aytoun, The Burial March of Dundee.
 Gilder, Oh! Sweet Wild Roses That Bud and Blow.
 Thomas Ken, Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow!
 Pierre de Ronsard hails The Return of Spring,
 William G. Simms addresses The Grapevine Swing.
 Henry Fielding indicates The Maiden's Choice,
 P. Owens says Give the Winds a Mighty Voice!

H. R. Palmer cries Yield Not to Temptation,
 George Keith assures us How Firm a Foundation.
 McDonald sings I Am Trusting, Lord, in Thee,
 C. J. Butler inquires A Sinner Like Me?
 Gurdon Robins has faith in The Better Land,
 Cornelius trusts Sometime We'll Understand.
 S. M. J. Henry declares My Father Knows,
 Stowell, From Every Stormy Wind That Blows.
 Shelly says The Sun Is Warm the Sky Is Clear,
 E. T. Cassel states I Am a Stranger Here.
 Edmund C. Hancock composed St. Nicholas.
 C. C. Moore, It Was the Night Before Christmas.
 E. E. Hewitt cries, with vigor, Ship Ahoy!
 Sydney T. Dobell beseeches How's My Boy?
 Ada Blenkhorn assures us We're Soldiers True,
 Edith S. Tillottson replies Who Taught You?
 G. W. Doane wrote Softly, Now, The Light of Day,
 Jeremy Taylor implores Lord, Come Away!
 Lydia Sigourney says Go to Thy Rest,
 Flora Kirkland suggests Do Your Very Best.
 Mistress F. A. Breck composed When Love Shines In,
 Sarah C. Woolsey introduced Lohengrin.
 Amelia Opie, The Orphan Boy's Tale,
 Babrius, The Swallow and the Nightingale.
 Hamlin Garland told us of The Winter Brook,
 Robert Browning gave us The Ring and the Book.
 S. C. Kirk insists He Keepeth His Promise,
 E. Dyer, My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is.
 Celia Baxter sang of The Mussel Shell,
 John Trumbull introduces A Time-worn Belle.
 George P. Lathrop sings The Sunshine of Thine Eyes,
 C. T. Turner seeks The Lattice at Sunrise.
 John Gambold beholds The Mystery of Life,
 Hesiod expends much time Choosing a Wife.
 Annie Grant has pity for The Highland Poor,
 Allan Ramsay will see Lochaber No More.
 B. F. Willson interviews The Old Sergeant,
 Richard C. Tench advises us Be Patient!
 A. A. Hopkins composed for us The Last Chime,
 A. C. Coxe says To Be Living Is Sublime.
 The Sagas assure us I Am the God Thor,
 R. T. Conrad, Gone Forever, Gone Before.
 Grant Colfax Tullar would grow Closer to Thee;
 John H. Yates proclaims Faith Is the Victory.
 Frederick Mistral describes The Fisher Folk,
 H. T. Chooley delights in The Brave Old Oak.
 James Merrick brings to view The Chameleon
 Francis Mahoney rings The Bells of Shandon

Harriet Monroe sings The Land of the Free,
 Julia Ward Howe says it is Our Country.
 W. Spencer, The Spearmen Heard the Bugle Sound,
 Hester Thrace, The Tree With Deepest Root Is Found.
 Theophile Gautier chose The Close of Day,
 And Conrad Kirchberg The Merry Month of May.
 Caroline Gilman lives on the Plantation,
 Edward Everett wrote The Boy's Oration.
 Edgar Allan Poe composed Annabel Lee,
 David M. Moir eulogized Casa Wappy.
 Robert Bloomfield gave The Squire's May-day Banquet.
 H. A. Dobson supposes More Poets Yet.
 Elizabeth O. Smith gets Strength from the Hills,
 Robert Herrick wrote an ode To Daffodils.
 Thomas Carew speaks of Red and White Roses,
 Alexander, The Burial of Moses.
 Thomas Hood gave us An Ideal Honeymoon,
 H. E. Spafford, Happy Day of Happy June!
 Richard M. Milnes depicts The Worth of Hours,
 William C. Bryant, The Death of Flowers.
 G. Elliot, 'Twas at the Hour of Midnight,
 E. R. Sill "singing in the rain" Spring Twilight.
 John Byron gave us a Truly Loyal Toast,
 Richard Glover shows us Admiral Hosier's Ghost.
 J. Mosen tells the Legend of The Cross Bill,
 Robert Buchanan declares I See Thee Still!
 John G. Lockhart wrote The Broadswords of Scotland,
 Sebastian Brandt, To a Suspicious Husband.
 Chapman claims They Say the Years Have Swallow's
 Wings.
 Paul L. Dunbar suggests When Malindy Sings.
 J. Haskell beseeches Oh! Come, Angel Band!
 Bulwer-Lytton, Bridals in Spirit Land.
 L. Ponce de Leon carols Night Serene,
 Mistress Crawford composed Kathleen Mavourneen.
 Homer inducts Ulysses to Calypso,
 Charles G. Leland says A Thousand Years Ago.
 Jean Ingelow completes The Long White Seam,
 William Dimond composed The Sailor Boy's Dream.
 J. du Bellay describes The Ruins of Rome,
 William Shenstone represents The Shepherd's Home.
 D. Jerrold wrote Yonder Is a Little Drum,
 John Luther Long assures us Some Day He'll Come.
 John Harrington tells of A Precise Tailor,
 H. Lauder chirps I Love to Be a Sailor.
 Karl Korner offers Prayer During the Fight,
 Robert Lowry prays Where Is My Boy Tonight?
 Mary Lamb is in suspense What Name to Chose,

Edna Proctor vows Heaven I Cannot Lose.
 Ellen L. Moulton traces My Mother's Face,
 Sallie Marston proclaims Victory Through Grace.
 W. Watson from England to America,
 Banville avers Poverty's A Crime Today.
 W. L. Garrison aids Benjamin Lundy,
 R. Ferguson paints An Edinburgh Sunday.
 F. Cozzens sighs Oh! A Country Home for Me.
 S. Y. Harmer suggests Rest for the Weary.
 Julian Fane is affectionate Ad Matrem,
 James Leigh Hunt introduced Abou Ben Adhem.
 Khayyam, with rapture, Oh! Morn of My Delight,
 W. E. Hickson petitions God Speed the Right!
 Carre and Cormon, I Heard As in a Dream,
 Bernard Barton says Noble the Mountain Stream!
 Piave will cause them to Swear in This Hour!
 Howarth states 'Tis But a Little Faded Flower.
 Gellert tells of the Disconsolate Widow.
 R. T. Newell finds Spring Violets Under the Snow.
 M. Somma avouches The Waves Will Bear Me,
 Chauncey Olcott sings sweetly Mother Machree.
 J. Will Callahan gave the popular Smiles,
 Edward W. Gosse carols The Golden Isles.
 Fitz Greene Halleck wrote to A Poet's Daughter,
 Everhardt, From the Land of the Sky Blue Water.
 W. Hunter, The Great Physician Now Is Near,
 Charles Sprague emphasizes that We Are All Here.
 W. C. Martin, Though the Angry Surges Roll,
 Ellen H. Gates points to The Home of the Soul.
 E. M. Hall exclaims I Hear the Savior Say,
 J. H. Sammis advises Trust and Obey.
 Nellie Talbot protests I'll Be a Sunbeam,
 Jessie Brown Pounds relates My Wonderful Dream.
 J. A. Schleffer sings I Thank Thee, Uncrowned Sun!
 Carney prays Think Gently of the Erring One!
 Gibbons speaks When Jesus Dwelt in Mortal Clay!
 Stephen G. Bulfinch, Hail to the Sabbath Day!
 G. Thrings says Fierce Raged the Tempest O'er the Deep!
 B. Beddome suggests Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?
 P. P. Bliss is Standing By a Purpose True,
 W. M. Lightball, Some One Is Looking for You.
 Oatman states I Am on the Gospel Highway,
 Alice Horton says Better Every Day.
 Motherwell asks What Is Glory, What Is Fame?
 E. Parronet cries All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!
 James G. Percival describes Seneca Lake?
 C. N. Catton says No Ills But What We Make.
 Mary E. Dodge speaks of The Two Mysteries,

Philip Sidney contends True Beauty Virtue Is.
 C. J. Rossetti sings The Milking Maid
 Edward C. Pinkney gave us A Serenade.
 R. Dodsley speaks One Kind Word Before We Part,
 Daniel Webster, The Memory of the Heart!
 Earl of Dorset, All Ye Ladies Now at Land,
 M. McLean, We Are a Missionary Band.
 S. F. Bennett composed The Sweet By and By,
 Mistress L. Shorey exclaims My Lord and I.
 L. E. Akerman gathers Nothing But Leaves.
 Knowles Shaw sings with gladness Bringing in the
 Sheaves.
 W. S. Smith gives the command Send Out the Light!
 Eliza Reed suggested Why Not Tonight?
 A. Warner wrote Jesus Loves Me, This I Know.
 James Nicholson longs to be Whiter Than Snow.
 K. Spitta writes Ah! This Heart Is Void and Chill,
 Mistress M. A. Baker responds Peace, Be Still!
 E. P. Stites is the author of Beulah Land,
 H. N. Cobb beseeches Father, Take My Hand!
 Conway sighs I Know Not When the Day Shall Be,
 Dingelstedt pleads Tell Me, Floweret, Tell Me!
 G. Griffin views Sweet Adare, Oh! Lovely Vale,
 William Allingham sings To the Nightingale.
 R. Tannahill chirps Let Us Go, Lassie, Go.
 Edna R. Warrell asks Are You a Hero?
 Vincenzo Monti interprets The Soul's Doom,
 E. W. Wilcox says There Are Ghosts in the Room.
 Watkins affirms The Old, Old Story Is True,
 Webster, The Victory May Depend on You.
 W. Winter sighs Oh! To Think the Sun Can Shine!
 Davidson, Oh! That the Eagle's Wings Were Mine!
 Charles Sedley anticipates The Growth of Love,
 Willis, Stoop to My Window, Beautiful Dove!
 Charles Wolfe says, with pathos, Not a Drum Was Heard,
 R. H. Dana tells of The Little Beach Bird.
 Paul Hayne describes The Aspect of the Pines,
 F. D. Sherman presents The Two Valentines.
 James Freeman Clarke views with delight White Capped
 Waves;
 John Pierpont shouts Stand! The Ground's Your Own, My
 Braves!
 S. Rogers tells of the death of Ginevra,
 Edward Young advises Be Wise Today!
 Theodore Parker describes The Common Good,
 H. H. Boyesen gave us Hilda's Little Hood.
 Edmund H. Sears adores The Angel Song,
 Charles Read pleads Love Me Little, Love Me Long.

Samuel Wolcott wrote Christ for the World We Sing,
 Hattie Buell, I Am the Child of a King.
 Tersteegen, God Calling Yet, Shall I Not Hear?
 And Bethune, When Time Seems Short and Death Is Near!
 Edmund Jones, Come, Humble Sinner, in Whose Breast!
 And Stockton, Come, Every Soul, By Sin Opprest!
 Ray Palmer composed My Faith Looks Up to Thee,
 And Wordsworth, Father of All from Land to Sea.
 Williams wrote While Thee I Seek Protecting Power.
 And Annie S. Hawks, I Need Thee Every Hour!
 F. J. Crosby, Savior, More Than Life to Me!
 Gladden pleads Oh! Master, Let Me Walk With Thee!
 T. Dwight says While Life Prolongs Its Precious Light,
 Joseph Swain, How Sweet, How Heavenly Is the Sight.
 H. Ware shouts Lift Up Your Glad Voices in Triumph on
 High!
 Malan assures us It Is Not Death to Die.
 Edwin Markham composed The Man and the Hoe,
 Milton says The Lord Will Come and Not Be Slow.
 N. Tate sings While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by
 Night,
 E. W. Shurtleff shouts Lead On, O God of Might!'
 H. Zick gave us Love, So Beautiful and True!
 D. T. Shaw, Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue!
 E. Browning, He Giveth His Beloved Sleep,
 Willard lies Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.
 Wagner wrote Oh! Thou Sublime Sweet Evening Star!
 I. Ogden, Brighten the Corner Where You Are!
 "Somebody" said Douglas! Tender and True,
 John R. Clements asks Was That Somebody You?
 Philip Doddridge exclaims Hark! Hark! the Glad Sound;
 Helen H. Jackson replies Outward Bound.
 Lathbury states Day Is Dying in the West,
 Isaac Watts responds Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest!
 B. Francis appeals Great King of Glory, Come!
 Bostwick affirms We Are One Day Nearer Home.
 A. A. Procter indited The Great Amen!
 Rankin, God Be With You, Till We Meet Again.
 Since with none of these may we hope to aspire,
 You think to oblivion we should retire.
 No trace of discouragement have we felt,
 But Washington and Lincoln equal Roosevelt.



0 015 873 416 3